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MAN AND NATURE.

BY E. C.

The rain-drop shaken from the fern
  Falls in the running rill;
This, winding on with many a turn
  Goes singing down the hill;
The tinkling waters, faintly heard
To chime with notes of singing bird,
  Make low, sweet melody.

A word of sympathy or love
  Falls on a childish ear;
It stirs the springs of life to move
  The soul to smile or tear;
Lives on and on in that young heart,
Becomes of future joys a part,
  A blessed memory.

The water running to the sea
  From off the wooded hill
Within the ocean's breast will be
  At quiet resting still,
And yet sometimes it will again
Go back unto the hill in rain,—
  Repeat its history.

The later thought will backward run
  O'er many a vanished year;
Recall the act of kindness done,
  The kindly tone will hear.
So men and nature, hand in hand,
Live on and work, as God hath planned,
  In perfect harmony.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXVI.

A FEW minutes afterward he was seated by her side, and they were talking in the most friendly manner. The dinner passed over better than she had hoped.

Earle was not mentioned, nor did any one allude to Downsbury Castle. Lord Vivianne had contrived to secure a place by Lady Studleigh's side, and he did his best to please her.

She could not help remarking how courteous and gallant was his manner in society. She contrasted it with what she had seen of him in Forence. When dinner was over, and they had gone into the drawing-room, he bent over the back of her chair.

"Lady Studleigh, have you forgotten my terrible outburst of the other day?"

"Yes," she replied; "I have seen much that is amusing since then."

"It was not very amusing to me," he said. "When a man lays bare the core of his heart, he does not do it for amusement."

"Not for his own, perhaps," she said; "but if he does it in your tragic style, he can not help people being amused."

"I could call you Doris," he said, "when you look at me with that piquant smile."

"I hope you will not, Lord Vivianne. I should always fancy papa was talking to me."

"Did you think I was mad that day in the chestnut grove?"

Lady Doris laughed.

"My experience of the world is not very large at present," she said. "Whenever I see or hear anything unusual, I think it is the fashion of the times."

"Ah, Lady Studleigh, I wish I could persuade you to be serious—you are always laughing at me."

"Tendency to laughter is hereditary with me," she said. "I can not help it. I am afraid that I have no talent for sentiment. The only matter I find for surprise is why you should have selected such a very unsuitable character as myself for your confidant. I can not say what may be in store for me, but I do not remember that any love affair ever possessed the least interest for me yet."

"You should have a love affair, as you call it, Lady Studleigh, in Italy, where the air is poetry, and the wind music."

"Papa," said Lady Studleigh to the earl, who was just passing her chair, "did you hear Lord Vivianne's advice?"

"No, my dear; but I do not doubt that it is good."

"He tells me to go to Italy to learn a lesson in love. That is a sorry compliment to England and the English, is it not?"

* * * * * *

"What did that little note mean, Doris?" asked Earle with a smile. "You see that I have obeyed you implicitly."

Even as he spoke he stood still, lost in admiration of the beautiful picture before him.

Although it was summer there was a bright little fire in the silver grate, the lamps were lighted, but lowered, so that the room was filled with a soft light; the hangings of rich rose silk were drawn, the long mirrors reflected the light, the flowers filled the air with perfume, and in the very heart of the rich crimson light sat the Lady Doris.

She was half buried in a nest of crimson velvet, the fire-light had caught the gleam of her jewels, the sheen of the golden hair, the light in her eyes, the white dress; it seemed to shine above all on the white jeweled hands, that lay carelessly on her knee.

She had told the countess Earle would call, and that she wished to speak to him, so that she knew her tete-a-tete would be quite undisturbed.

Earle looked at her, thinking that there had never been so fair a picture in all the world; then he repeated his question.

She looked up at him, and he was struck by the unusual expression in her eyes; he knelt down before her, and took one white hand in his.

"That cruel note," he said, "depriving me of a pleasure I can not enjoy too often. What did it mean?"

She did what was very unusual with her; she clasped her arms round his neck.

"Oh, Earle! Earle! it is strange what rest I feel when you are near me. I will tell you what the note meant, but you will laugh at me."

"I do not think so, darling; I have laughed with you, but not at you."

"I knew that tiresome Lord Vivianne was coming, and he tries my temper so; he will admire me, and I do not want his admiration."

"Then why keep me away, darling? I might have saved you from it."

"No, I knew you could not. I was obliged to go down to dinner with him, and it would have tried my temper too severely if I had been compelled to sit by him and could not have been with you.

"You may think it a stupid, childish reason, Earle, but it is a true one. I was determined, if I could not talk to you I would not be annoyed by seeing any one else do so."

He looked slightly puzzled, but, as he said to himself, it was one of her caprices, why not be content?

"If my staying away pleased you," he said, "I am doubly pleased."

Yet it struck him, as he spoke, that she had lost some of her animation and brightness.

"How beautiful you look in this light, Doris," he said. "Why, my darling, a king might envy me."

One of the white jeweled hands rested caressingly on the noble head of the young poet. He had never seen Doris so gentle before.

"My darling!" he cried, his face glowing with its rapture of happiness. "My darling, you are beginning to love me so well at last."

"I do love you, Earle," she said, and for some minutes there was silence between them.

She had a certain object to win, and she was debating within herself how it was to be won.

"It is like a fairy tale," he said. "Why, my darling, looking at you I can not believe my own good fortune; you are the fairest woman in England; you are noble, you are high in station, you have the wit, the grace, the royal bearing of a queen. I have nothing but the two titles you have given me, of gentleman and poet—yet I shall win you for my wife.

"It is so wonderful—this love that breaks all barriers, money could not have brought you to my side—a millionaire might love you, but you would not care for him; title could not win you—it is love that has made you all mine! All mine, until death!"

She listened to his impassioned words; she looked at the handsome, noble face, and a sensation of something like shame came to her that she should have to manœuver with a love so grand in its simplicity; still she must save herself.

Her arms fell with a dreamy sigh; the firelight shining on her face showed it to be flushed and tremulous.

"Earle," she said, "do you remember how I used to long for a life like this? long for gayety, excitement, wealth, pleasure, and perpetual admiration?"

"I remember it well. I used to feel so puzzled to know how to get it for you."

"Now I have it—more than even my heart desired. You will not think me very fickle if I tell you something?"

"I shall never think you anything but most charming and lovable, Doris."

"Well, the truth is, I am rather tired of the life, but I do not like to say so. I can not think why it is; sometimes I think it may only be fancy, that I am not strong as I used to be; perhaps the great change has been too much for me. Let it be what it may, I am tired of it, though I can not say so to any one but you."

"The queen of the season tired of her honors?" said Earle, kissing the sweet lips and the white brow.

"I am really tired, Earle. Then, though admiration is always sweet to a woman, I have had too much of it. That Prince Poermal is making love to me, the Marquis of Heather made me an offer yesterday, and Lord Vivianne teases me. Now, Earle, it is tiresome, it is indeed, dear. My mind, my heart—nay, I need not be ashamed to say it—are filled with you. I do not want the offers of other men—their love and admiration."

"Declaring our engagement would soon put an end to all that," he said, thoughtfully.

But that was not what the Lady Doris wanted; she wanted him to urge their marriage.

"Yes," she said, "we might make it known, but people would not believe it; it would not save me from the importunities of other men."

He looked wonderingly at her. After all, it was a new feature in her character—this dread of lovers.

"That is not all, Earle," she said, clasping her soft, warm fingers round his hands. "I tell you—no one but you—this life is a little too much for me. Before I had recovered from the great shock of the change, I was plunged into the very whirlpool of London life.

"Do not imagine I have joined the list of invalids, or that I have grown nervous, or any nonsense of that kind; it is not so; but at times I feel a great failure of strength, a deadly faintness or weakness that is hard to fight against—a terrible foreboding for which I can not account."

Her face grew pale, and her eyes seemed to lose their light as she spoke.

"I am sure," she continued, "that it is from over-fatigue. Do you not think so, Earle?"

"Yes," he replied; "now what is the remedy?"

"I know the remedy. It would be to give all up for a time, and take a long rest—a long rest," her voice seemed to die away like the softest murmur of a sighing wind.

Earle felt almost alarmed; this was so completely novel, this view of Doris, who had always been bright, piquant, and gay.

"You shall go away, darling," he said, tenderly.

"But, Earle," she said, "my father and Lady Linleigh are enjoying the season so much, they have so many engagements, I can not bear to say anything about going."

"Then I will say it for you. I shall tell Lord Linleigh, to-morrow, that you have exhausted yourself, and that you must have a few weeks of quiet at Linleigh Court."

"What will he say, Earle?"

"If I judge him rightly, darling, he will say little, but he will act at once; before this time next week you will be at Linleigh."

"Do you really think so? I am so glad," yet she shivered again as she spoke. "I long to go to Linleigh, Earle, yet I have such a strange feeling about it, a strange presentment, a foreboding; surely no evil, no danger awaits me at Linleigh.

"Do you know, I could fancy death standing at the threshold waiting with outstretched arms to catch me." Again her voice died away with a half-hysterical sob.

Earle bent over her and kissed her.

"My darling, you are fanciful, you are tired. I am so glad you have trusted me; it is high time you were attended to. These nervous fancies are enough to drive you mad; the evil has gone further than I thought.

"Doris, my love, my sweet, it is only the reaction from over-fatigue that gives you these ideas, nothing else; what awaits you but a future bright as your own beauty? What shall I live for except to love and to serve and to shield you?"

"Earle," she cried suddenly, "do you know what I wish?"

A long shining tress of golden hair had fallen over her shoulders, and she sat twining it round her white fingers.

"Do you know what I wish?" she repeated.

"No; if I did I should do it, you may be quite sure, Doris."

"I wish that we—you and I—were married; that I was your wife, and that we had gone far away from here, away where no one knows us, where we could be quite happy, alone and together."

"Do you really wish that, Doris?" he asked.

Her face flushed slightly, but her voice did not tremble.

"I do really wish it," she replied. "If papa were willing we would be married this summer, and we would go away, Earle, to some far-off land; then—when we had been happy for some time—we could come home again. I should have grown quite strong by then, and I should have found health, strength, and peace, all with you."

There was a strange mingling of doubt and rapturous happiness on his face.

"Do you really mean this, Doris?" he asked. "Would you—the queen of the

season, the fairest object of man's worship—would you give up all your triumphs, all your gayeties, and prefer to live in quiet and solitude with me?"

There was a slight hesitation for one half moment; he was so noble, so true. It was pitiful to use his great love for the obtaining of her own ends; but she must save herself—she must do that.

"You may believe me, Earle," she replied, gently; "if it could be, I would far rather it were so."

"Then, darling, it shall be—my head grows dizzy with the thought of it—you, my peerless, my beautiful Doris, will be my own wife when the summer comes. Why, Doris, listen! oh, listen, love! Do you know that I never fully realized that I was to make you my wife, though I have loved you so passionately and so well?

"You have always seemed of late far above me, like a bright shining star to be worshiped, hardly to be won. When I said to myself, that at some time or other you should be my wife, it has been like a dream—a bright, sweet, unreal dream. I do not know that I ever fancied you, sweet, with bridal veil and orange-blossoms; yet now, you say, you will marry me in the summer!"

"That I will, Earle," she replied.

"Heaven bless you, my own darling! Heaven speed the happy summer. Why, Doris, I can see the gold on the laburnums, I can hear the ring-doves cooing, I can see the smile of summer all over the land! Mine in the summer, dear; Heaven, make me worthy!"

"There is but one thing, Earle," she said; "I—you will think I have changed. But I cannot help that—I want a quiet marriage. It would please me best if nothing were said, even about our engagement, but that we could go quietly to Linleigh and keep the secret of our marriage to ourselves; that is what I should really like, Earle."

"Then it shall be so, my darling! Now, do not give yourself one moment's anxiety. Shut those beautiful eyes and sleep all night, dreaming only of summer roses and your lover, Earle. I shall see your father to-morrow, and I shall tell him; he will be quite willing, I am sure."

"You are very good to me, Earle," she said, gratefully. "How foolish I was ever to think that I did not care for you, and to run away from you, was I not?"

"That is all forgotten, love," he said, and she felt that she would have given the whole world if it had never happened.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE morning that followed was beautiful. The lady Doris felt more cheerful than she had done for many long days. Earle would manage it all for her; she should find a way out of all her difficulties.

Lord Vivianne would not follow her to Linleigh; even if he did, she could foil him again and again. When once she was Earle's wife, she could defy him; it was not likely that she would fear him then.

Her heart and spirits rose alike, she smiled at her own fair image in the glass; early as it was, a fragrant bouquet of white hyacinths lay on the toilet-table, sent by some adoring lover who evidently hoped that the flowers would say for him what he could not say for himself.

She smiled over them, inhaling the rich odor with delight, thinking to herself the while, "What a poet Earle is; what a rapture he went into last night about flowers and summer."

She felt better. The sun was shining in her window, the sweet breath of the hyacinths reached her. It seemed impossible that sorrow or death should come into such a bright world. She smiled to herself when she heard that Earle was with her father.

"He has most certainly lost no time," she said to herself.

Yet, nearly an hour passed before the earl left the library; then, owing to strangers being present, he could not speak to her of what had passed. He merely touched her hand.

"Doris," he said, "I have been having a long talk with Earle, and I must have one with you before dinner."

"I will remember, papa," she said.

Then, as the day was so fine, Earle prayed her to ride out with him.

"An hour in the park would be so pleasant," he said.

And Lady Linleigh thought the same. Doris was quite willing to go.

When they were under the shade of the trees, Earle went more slowly.

"My darling," he said, "I knew that you would be anxious to hear what has passed. I think," he continued, bringing his handsome face on a level with hers, "I think that I shall make an excellent diplomatist in time."

"I never doubted it," replied Doris.

"I was quite pleased with myself," Earle went on to say; "I made quite an impression on the earl."

Her lips grew pale, and parted with a long, quivering sigh; she looked at him anxiously.

"In one word, Earle, is it to be as I wished, or not?"

"Yes," he replied, "in every particular."

Then she resigned herself to listen.

"I never mentioned you at all in the matter," he continued. "I told him that I had observed your health and strength failing, and that I felt quite convinced, unless you rested at once, you would suffer seriously from the effects of overfatigue. He agreed with me, and said that Lady Linleigh had remarked the same thing, and was equally anxious over you: and said that the wisest thing to do was to leave town at once, and go to Linleigh."

"But would he and Lady Linleigh be willing to give up the remainder of the season," she asked.

"They care more for you than for the season," he replied. "My opinion is, that Lady Linleigh secretly enjoys the idea of leaving town."

"And about—you know what I mean, Earle."

"About our wedding, darling? It is to be in the sweet summer time, that is, if you are willing. I urged it, and the countess joined me. Lord Linleigh—Heaven bless him!—did not raise the least objection.

"He said he would speak to you, and was perfectly kind and good about it; it will be for you to tell him, dear, your wish to have it all managed very quietly, and to speak of going abroad. Now, is not that glorious news for a bright, sunshiny day? How green the trees are, and how blue the sky? Was the world ever so fair, love—ever one half so fair?"

Suddenly he saw her start, and looking at her saw an angry flush on her face, a bright light in her eyes. She was looking intently at some one who returned the glance with interest.

Following the direction of her eyes, Earle saw Lord Vivianne watching her most intently. There was a smile that was yet half a sneer on his lips, he was talking to a gentleman whom Earle instantly recognized as Colonel Clifford.

"There is your bete noir, Doris—Lord Vivianne," he said.

"I see him," she replied, quietly.

He did not know the hot impulse that was on her, he did not understand why she clinched the little jeweled whip so tightly in her hand.

She would have given the whole wide world if she dare have ridden up to him, and have given him one stroke across the face with her whip—one stroke that would have left a burning red brand across the handsome, insolent face!

She would have gloried in it. She could fancy how he would start and cry out, the coward!—how he would do his best to hide the shameful mark given to him by a woman's hand.

In all her life Lady Doris Studleigh never had such difficulty in controlling an impulse as she had in controlling that.

Then she was recalled to herself by a bow from Lord Vivianne and a look of unqualified wonder on her lover's face.

"Doris," he said, "my dear child, what are you going to do to Lord Vivianne? You look inclined to ride over him."

"So I am," she replied, with a smile.

But the beauty of the morning had gone for her—there was no more warmth in the sunshine, no more fragrance in the flowers and trees, no music in the birds' song; the sight of that handsome face, with its evil meaning, had destroyed it all, had made her heart sink. Oh! to be away from him, where she should never see him or hear of him again.

"I am tired, Earle," she said.

"Tired so soon!" he replied.

But one look at her told him the words were quite true.

"We will ride back again, Doris. Tell me, why do you dislike Lord Vivianne so much?"

"I am not sure that I dislike him," she replied.

"You do, sweet; your face quite changed when you saw him."

"Did it? I do not like him because he teases me so with compliments. I dislike many people; he is no great exception."

Earle laughed.

"It is very unfortunate to admire you, Doris, if admiration brings dislike."

They rode home again while Colonel Clifford turned with a smile to his companion.

"That looks like a settled case," he said.

"What do you mean by a settled case?" was the irritable reply. "I defy any man to understand his own language in these degenerate days."

"A settled case means that, to all appearances, the queen of the season, the feted, flattered Lady Doris Studleigh is in love with our young poet, the latest London celebrity."

"A young poet?—Who is he?" for suddenly there flashed into his mind the words Doris Brace had so poetically used to him:

"My lover is a gentleman and a poet."

At the time he had thought it idle bombast, intended only to heighten her value in his eyes—yet it might have been true. He looked up with unusual interest.

"Who is he, Clifford?" he repeated.

"I can hardly tell you, except that he is Earle Moray, a great protege and favorite of the Duke of Downsbury, of Lord Linleigh, and of the public in general, for he is a charming writer. He is also member for Anderley—he took his seat last week."

"Earle Moray! I am sure I know the name."

"Most English readers do," said Colonel Clifford.

A sudden flash of light seemed to illuminate his mind.

"Earle! Earle! why that is the name Doris used to murmur in her sleep. She used to dream that Earle was coming—I remember it well. Great Heaven, it is he!"

"What is the matter?" asked Colonel Clifford: "you look as though he had been a ghost."

"So I have, the ghost of my— Oh, what nonsense I am talking. So that is the young poet: he is a very handsome man. Lady Studleigh is something like the earl. Is it known who her mother was?"

"No. People say that the earl contracted a low marriage before he went abroad, one that he was ashamed to own: therein consists the romance."

"What romance?" asked Lord Vivianne, hurriedly.

"About Lady Doris. The earl, when he was simply Captain Studleigh, married beneath him, went abroad, leaving his daughter to be brought up by some humble friends of his wife.

"The romance consists, I suppose, in the sudden change in the young lady's fortune, from comparative obscurity to splendor. It might have been an unfortunate thing for the earl, but that the girl turned out to the beautiful, graceful, intelligent, and well-bred."

"I have it, by heavens!" cried Lord Vivianne, in a loud voice.

"You have what?"

"A—a fly that has been buzzing round me and teasing me half the morning," he replied, confusedly.

"Ah!" said the Colonel: "My opinion of you, Lord Vivianne, is not a very complimentary one; I fancy, unless you take better care of your wits, they will leave you. I never saw any one grow so peculiar in all my life. I saw no flies about."

Lord Vivianne made no reply, but went away laughing—it seemed to him now that he held the clew in his hands.

"If I am right," he said to himself with a bitter sneer, "I will humiliate her; I will lower that magnificent pride of hers. I will change places, and she shall be the wooer. But I must make quite sure first. I will go down to Brackenside this very day."

He kept his word. Much to honest Mark's surprise, when he entered the house that evening he found a fashionably dressed stranger, bent upon being very agreeable to his wife and daughter.

"You will be surprised to see me," said his wily lordship, "but I was passing through Brackenside and could not help calling. I am quite a stranger. Allow me to introduce myself as Lord Vivianne. You," he continued, holding out his hand to Mark, "are Mr. Brace."

Mark replied in a suitable manner, then sat down, with a look of resignation that highly amused Mattie. If it would rain lords he could not help it. Such wonderful events had happened that Mark felt he should never be surprised again. Then he looked in his lordship's face as though he would fain ask what he wanted there.

"I had the pleasure once—it is some time since—of meeting your daughter, Miss Doris Brace. If she is at home, I should like to see her."

At the first sound of that name, Mark was on the alert. This was just what they had cautioned him about. The earl had bidden him beware of impertinence and curiosity.

Mark had passed his word not to speak of Doris' history; and he meant to keep it. "Wild horses," as he expressed it, would not have torn it from him.

"Miss Doris Brace is not at home," he replied, grimly.

"Indeed!" said the stranger. "I am sorry for that; I had relied upon seeing her. Perhaps I may be more fortunate to-morrow."

"I do not think you will," was the reply: "she will not be at home."

"Perhaps, then, the day after?" was the insinuation comment.

"No, nor the day after," replied Mark: "she will not be at home—she is not in Brackenside."

Now my lord had laid all his plans most prudently; he did not intend to compromise himself at all. If the whole affair turned out to be a huge mistake, as it might do, he would not say anything that could prejudice his cause in the least.

No harm could possibly arise if he said that he had met Miss Doris Brace; he had seen her at the castle; and if hardly pushed he could quote that meeting.

But the farmer was a very fortress—he returned none but the most simple, vague, and honest answers, saying that she was not at home, she would not be at home, but looking most amiably deaf when any allusion was made to change of fortune.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

"IF I may take the liberty," said Lord Vivianne, turning with his most amiable smile to Mrs. Brace, "I should so much like to ask for a cup of tea. I was anxious to see your daughter, so did not wait to take any refreshments at the hotel. It is a great disappointment to me."

"Yes," said Mark, quietly, "it is wonderful how many disappointments we have to bear."

The tea was prepared, and Mrs. Brace's heart was won by praise of the excellent tea, the thick cream, the fresh golden butter, and ripe fruit.

Womanlike, her heart secretly inclined to the handsome stranger whom Mark kept so sternly at bay, but where could he possibly have seen Doris?

Mark saw symptoms of relenting in his wife's eyes; under pretext of speaking to her about the milking and cheese, he drew her into the larder.

"Now look here, Patty," he said, "my word is passed, and I do not mean to break it. I told the earl that no matter who came, who asked, or what was wanted, Doris' name and history should never be told, and it never shall."

"I am sure, Mark," said his obedient wife, "this is a gentleman; there can be no mistake about him."

"Gentleman—oh! There now, my dear, do not look so frightened! I never swore in my life, not even in the hottest of weather. I am not going to begin now. He may be a gentleman—he is, I do not deny that, but it has nothing to do with the matter. Why does he come here to talk about Doris? What has it to do with him? It means mischief. He shall go away from here as wise as he came—no wiser."

"You are right, Mark," said his wife.

"That is a sensible woman. Yes," added Mark, with shrewd irony, "the sight of his handsome face and the smoothness of his tongue may cause you to betray a secret you have promised to keep, so you had better keep out of the room."

"I will," said Mrs. Brace. "I have no more wish to talk than you have, Mark. Still he looks so wistful, I will stay away."

"That is the best woman in England," said Mark to himself as Mrs. Brace closed the door after her. Then he returned to his guest.

He apologized for his wife's absence, but Lord Vivianne knew just as well as though Mark had told him, that she was gone lest she would be tempted to talk to him. Mattie wisely imitated her mother's example, leaving her father alone with his guest.

"What a grand old farm this is of yours," said his lordship. "I never saw grounds in such fine condition."

Mark had made up his mind to be urbane and polite, but it was with some difficulty he refrained from showing his contempt. What did this lord know of farming? Above all, why did he want to flatter Mark Brace?

"I am rather pleased," said the visitor, drawing his chair nearer to the farmer, "that I have a chance of talking quietly to you, without the ladies being present. I wanted that opportunity."

"You have it," said Mark, briefly.

"Yes, I have it, and will try to avail myself of it. I met, as I told you, Miss

Doris Brace some time since, and I was deeply impressed by her—most deeply."

"Were you?"

"Yes; and I resolved, if possible, to see her again."

Mark sat silent.

"I quite believed at the time that she was your daughter, but I have heard a strange romance since—terribly strange. May I ask, Mr. Brace, if it be true?"

"No, my lord, you may not ask me—at least, I do not mean that—you may ask what you will, but you must excuse me if I do not reply. The fact is this—if you ask as to the state of my farm, my balance at the bank, my hopes of a crop, I will tell you; but when it comes to the ladies of my family, you must really excuse me if I distinctly and plainly refuse to answer one question concerning them. I am sorry to seem rude, my lord."

But, like everyone else who saw him, Lord Vivianne admired Mark Brace. He held out his white, slim hand to touch the farmer's sunburnt one.

"There is no offense, Mr. Brace," he said. "You are an honest man, and I shall think better of all other men for having seen you. If you decline any conversation on the matter, it is, of course, useless for me to offer any explanations."

"Quite useless, my lord; a waste of time."

"Then, thanking you for your hospitality, I may as well go," said his lordship, with a smile.

To which remark the farmer, not knowing what politeness required him to answer, made no answer at all.

Although he was baffled, Lord Vivianne could not feel angry.

"It would be a straightforward world," he said to himself, laughingly, "if all the men in it were like Mark Brace. Still he felt that he had in some measure won a victory—he had found out that, in connection with Doris, there was something to conceal.

He went to Quainton and took up his abode for the night in the Castle Hotel. There he fancied he should be sure to hear something or other.

Nor was he mistaken. In the billiard-room the conversation turned upon Earle Moray—they were proud of him; they said that Lindenholm had given to England one of her finest poets—they boasted to each other of having known him, of having spoken to him; they talked of his election for Anderly; there had been no bribery—all had been open as the day.

Yes, he had been returned almost without opposition. They spoke of Lord Linleigh's interest in him, and then one or two of the wisest among them told how he was to marry Lord Linleigh's daughter, the beautiful girl; for some reason or other, had been brought up at Brackenside. It was impossible to keep a secret quiet; some few in Quainton knew, and others guessed it.

Lord Vivianne listened without a comment, the veins in his forehead swelled, his face flushed a hot crimson flush, his hands trembled. It was a victory he had hardly expected to win.

Then he muttered to himself something that sounded like a fierce oath:

"She shall pay for it," he said to himself. "Madly as I love her, I will not spare her. When I have humbled her pride, I will worship her and marry her; not until then. So it was she, all the time; she looked into my eyes without recognition; she dared me, braved me, laughed at me.

"She shall suffer. She is the most magnificent and dauntless creature I ever beheld; she is grand enough for a Charlotte Corday, a Joan of Arc. By Heaven! how many girls would have come to me crying, praying that I would keep their secret; she laughs at me, defies me. I will repay her!"

His whole soul was torn between passionate love and passionate anger; at one time he felt inclined to weep at her feet, to pray and beseech her to love him, to be his wife; at another time to feel that he must upbraid her with her perfidy, her falsity, her deceit.

Which spirit would master him when he stood in her presence he hardly knew; it would depend upon herself. If she were defiant, so should he be; if she were gentle, he would be the same.

Of one thing he was quite determined—do, say what she might, she should be his wife. It would be a most dishonorable thing to hold her secret over; but, if she compelled him, he would do it. No thought of pity came into his mind, but he wondered much.

That news—the news of her father's succession to the earldom, and his return home—must have reached her while she was in Florence with him. No one even knew where he was; how, then, could she learn it?

It struck him that was the reason she had left him; he had not thought of that before; it was because this news came to her, and she would not be found with him. But who could have told her?—that was the puzzle. Someone must have gone straight from England to Florence. The more he thought of it the more he was puzzled.

He felt quite certain that on the morning he left her to secure her opera box, and to purchase flowers for her, she knew nothing of it. He had left her by the river-side; when he returned she was gone.

During that interval, short as it was, some one must have found her, have told her, and brought her to England. Who could that some one be?

"Not Earle, surely not Earle, her lover—surely not he! He would have been more likely to kill her than to bring her home if he had found her with me," he said to himself.

He was keen enough, but it never occurred to him that she had the skill to deceive Earle as well.

He returned by the early train to London; he should be in time then, he said, to give her a morning call. He smiled to himself as he thought of her confusion. He reached Hyde House when the earl and countess had just driven to a fashionable dejeuner, and Lady Doris was left alone; she desired it should be so; she wanted time to arrange her thoughts, to recover herself; and they, believing in her plea of fatigue, had been quite willing to leave her.

She had made up her mind, no matter what it cost her, not to see Lord Vivianne again.

It would be easy to manage it, she would decline all invitations on the plea of ill health, and she would refuse to receive visitors at home.

Strict orders had been given to that effect—the servants understood that their young lady was tired, and would see no one, except, as a matter of course, Mr. Moray.

She believed herself quite safe; that morning Earle had promised to spend with her, and they would arrange about their wedding and the honey-moon that was never to end.

She had dressed herself so prettily for Earle—she went to the conservatory intending there to spend the morning with him.

She walked among the flowers, singing in a soft, low voice to herself; it would all soon be over, she would so soon be away from London, where her terrible secret seemed to have taken bodily shape. She should so soon be safe in her own home in Linleigh; above all, she should soon be Earle's wife.

"Earle's wife—how he loves me!" thought the girl, "how good and true and noble he is, my Earle!"

Then a shadow fell over the brightness of the flowers. She raised her eyes, believing it was he, and they fell on the smiling face of Lord Vivianne.

For one instant she looked at him spell-bound, fascinated, as one sees a fluttering bird charmed by a snake. Her heart gave one great bound.

"He knows me!" she thought, "and he is come to tell me so."

How he gained admittance matters not; how he bribed a servant, who afterward lost his place for taking the bribe, matters not.

He was there, and in the contemptuous insolence of his smile, in the expression of his face, she read that no evasion would be of service to her. Still she did not lose her self-possession.

"How did you obtain admittance, my lord?" she asked, impetuously.

"Oh, Dora! Dora! I have found you! Did you really think you could deceive me for long? I have found you, and now, if you please, we will discuss matters in a proper business-like form."

CHAPTER LXIX.

He went one step nearer to her and looked at her with an evil smile; his heart was full of passion—half intense love, half furious anger.

"You thought to deceive me," he said, and the breath came like hot flame from his lips. "You thought to blind and dupe me, but I know you now—I have known you all along, though I could not believe the evidence of my own senses."

He never forgot the regal grace with which she drew her slight frame to its altered height, the anger, the haughty pride that flushed from her eyes.

"I do not understand you," she replied; "and I repeat my question; when I gave orders that I should be denied to all visitors, how dare you enter here?"

"It is late, Lady Doris," he said, "too late for that kind of thing now. I repeat that I know you—to the rest of the world you may be Lady Doris Studleigh, to me you are simply the girl who lived with me and ran away from me."

She looked at him; if a glance from those proud eyes could have slain him, he would have lain that instant dead at her feet. He continued:

"You may deny it, you may continue to carry on the same concealment, the same deceit, but it will be all in vain; I know you, and I know you for what you are. You can say anything you please, if you think it advisable to waste words; I repeat that it will be in vain."

She grew white, even to the lips, as she listened to the insolent words. "I felt sure—convinced of your identity from the very moment I saw you at the opera," he continued. "I watched you then; I have watched you ever since."

Her white lips opened, but all sound died away from them—he heard nothing.

"I have admired your talent for acting," he continued; "it is a grand one. It is ten thousand pities that you are not upon the stage; you would be its brightest ornament. I was not wholly, but half deceived, by your superb nonchalance; then I determined to find out the truth for myself. I have done so."

He waited to see if she would utter one word of denial, one word of explanation. She stood before him—pale, beautiful, silent as a marble statue.

"I have tracked you," he said, triumphantly. "I can tell you the whole story of your life; how you lived as a child at Brackenside; how you carried on a pretty little love affair with your poet and gentleman, until I saw you; how you went to Florence with me, in total ignorance of your true origin; how, on the morning I left you by the river-side, some one came from England, told you the true story of your birth, and brought you back here. I have been to Brackenside; I am not speaking without proof."

If she could have spoken, she would have told him that no one at Brackenside would ever betray her; she would have liked to cast his words back in his teeth, but the strength to speak was no longer here.

"You thought then of being very clever. If you had never heard the true story of your birth, you would have been content to abide with me all the days of your life—you would have thought your lot a brilliant one. But you were too clever, Doris; you thought to escape, and to live as though you had never heard of me. It could not be done. Did you speak?"

He might as well ask the question, for a sound that resembled no ordinary, no human sound, came from her lips. He went on:

"Why were you not frank and honest with me, Doris? why did you not await my return, and tell me? why did you not trust me? Do you know what I should have done if you had so trusted me? I should have said that my proposition to you had been made under a great mistake, not knowing your true name; and I should have released you then and there from all ties that bound you to me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN OSTENTATIOUS MAN.—A clergyman, while composing a sermon having made use of the words "ostentatious man," wished to satisfy himself, ere he proceeded, as to whether a great portion of his congregation might comprehend the meaning of these words. Ringing the bell, his footman appeared, and he was thus addressed by his master:

"What do you conceive to be implied by an ostentatious man?"

"An ostentatious man, sir," said Thomas, "why, sir, I should say a perfect gentleman."

"Very good," observed the vicar; "send Ellis (the coachman) here."

The coachman came.

"Ellis," said the vicar, "what do you imagine an ostentatious man to be?"

"An ostentatious man, sir," replied Ellis; "why, I should say an ostentatious man means what we call a jolly fellow."

It is hardly necessary to add that the vicar substituted a less ambiguous word.

THE late Sir Henry Parkes, the Australian statesman, had a great opinion of his poetic gifts, and on one occasion, when addressing a Sydney meeting, he said, "I would rather be known as a third-rate poet than a first-rate politician." A man in the crowd exclaimed in strident accents, "Well, and aren't you?"

Bric-a-Brac.

NUTMEGS.—Nutmegs in old times in England were used as a perfume. They were set in silver, and ornamented with pearl and precious stones, and hung from a lady's belt like a modern scent-bottle.

AN ODD FISH.—In the Sea of Galilee—or Lake Tiberias, as it is often called—there is a strange fish named the Chromis Simonis, which is more careful of its young than fish generally are. The male fish takes the eggs in its mouth, and keeps them in his natural side pockets, where they are regularly hatched, and remain until able to shift for themselves. By this ingenious arrangement the brood is comparatively guarded against its natural enemies; it is easily fed, too, but it is a puzzle how the little ones escape being eaten alive.

SONG OF MAY.—In Sweden a pretty custom is prevalent on the First of May. At twelve o'clock at night on the 30th of April a band of young people in every town and village begin visiting each house in the neighborhood, singing the "Song of May" until each resident gives them either money or food for the benefit of the May Ball which takes place two days later, its expenses being entirely paid by the proceeds of this midnight singing. Over each door the party leaves a branch of red or white may to bring luck to the household during the coming year.

MUSK.—There are three kinds of musk known in commerce, but the most important and valuable is a Chinese sort imported chiefly from Shanghai. Unfortunately it is adulterated to an enormous extent with dried blood, fragments of leather, leaden pellets, peas, etc., so that often little more than the smell of the original musk remains. When genuine, it fetches as high as $6.00 an ounce. Musk is a product of most enduring odor; indeed its scent is more penetrating and persistent than that of any other known substance. A grain of musk will distinctly scent millions of cubic feet of air without any appreciable loss of weight. It is a secretion of the male musk deer.

A REMARKABLE CLOCK.—The most remarkable in the world is owned by a Hindoo prince. In place of the ordinary dial is a gong, whilst beneath it on a metal plate lie artificial human skulls and bones in a heap, there being a sufficient number to make twelve complete skeletons. When the hands mark the hour of one, the number of bones necessary to make one human skeleton come together with a snap, the skeleton by invisible mechanism springs to its feet, seizes a mallet, strikes the gong one blow, and then returning to its pile, falls to pieces. According to the hour so many skeletons rise from the heap, and at noon and midnight the spectacle presented by twelve skeletons striking the hour is said to be very gruesome and awe-inspiring.

RUNNING WATER.—A strange fact is told by travelers who declare that the Arabs in the deserts of Africa have contracted a violent dislike to running water, and will only drink from stagnant pools when on journeys. This has become so much a matter of habit, that while the most poisonous-looking water agrees with them perfectly, pure running water will in a few hours make them violently sick. This prejudice against fresh water is common amongst the animals of the desert also, and is frequently acquired by European travelers. At first, however, when the latter drink of stagnant water it produces nausea and even fever, but when once the system becomes inured to it, running water affects them in precisely the same way as it affects the Arabs.

STORKS.—The chief places to which the storks, so numerous in Belgium and Holland, migrate for the severe winter generally experienced in those countries, has been discovered by a Belgian nobleman. He succeeded in catching two hundred of the birds and attached to each, either round the neck or on one of its legs, a label upon which was written his own address, together with a request that anyone who caught or killed the bird during the winter season would send the label back to him, indicating the locality in which it was found. The next spring, one of the labels arrived from Western Algeria, and two years later another came from the mouth of the Senegal River. More labels have been received by the experimenter, all coming from the northern parts of the African continent, which clearly shows that storks follow the course of the swallows when the leaves begin to fall in Europe.

AFTER THE RAIN.

BY OUIDA.

After the rain! when the fields are all glistening
When flowerets are lifting their fair heads again,
When birds are all singing, while children stand list'ning,
Ah! sunshine is sweetest just after the rain.

When lightning is flashing, and thunder is pealing,
And tempest is sweeping o'er mountain and main,
The sun that the clouds have so long been concealing,
Shines forth all the brighter just after the rain.

There are hundreds of hearts that in darkness and sorrow
Have patiently bowed to their portion of pain,
Who have opened their eyes on a glorious morrow,
And learned life is sweetest just after the rain.

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC."

CHAPTER XLIII.—(CONTINUED.)

HER face was pale, and it quivered with some emotion when Mr. Harling met them on the steps, and was make known to her.

Grace fell in love with her at once, and, indeed, it seemed as if this sad-faced woman, in her black robe of Mercy and Self-renunciation, were the central figure, for that day at least

She stood in the hall, with Claire on one side of her, and Gerald on the other, and looked round with a sad and thoughtful gaze, as if the sight of the place aroused a sentiment more profound than curiosity and admiration.

They went into lunch, and the young people were very bright, and almost merry, for Gerald was throbbing with the excitement of newly regained health, and the delight of being near his beloved; and Grace, upon whom the famous air of Downshire had wrought a marked improvement, was in possession of all her natural esprit.

The shadow of the Sapleys, and their evil doings was already passing away from the ancient house, upon which the sun of happiness and youthful love was again rising.

They talked and laughed, but were not forgetful of their two elders, who sat and spoke together in graver tones; and Gerald would now and again turn with a word and a smile of tender regard to the white, patient woman beside him.

"We want to show you all over the Court after lunch, Sister," said Claire. "Gerald, who knows it all by this time, shall act as cicerone, and point out all its lions."

As she spoke, she bent and kissed her. It was delightful to have her at Court Regna, and to know that she was resting from her life of toil amongst the poor, of whom none had suffered more keenly than she herself.

After lunch, Gerald led them into the hall, and, assuming the air of a guide, rapidly indicated the various objects of interest, and epitomised their history.

"But the pictures," he said, "are, perhaps, Miss Sartoris'"—with a mock bow to Claire—"most valuable and priceless possessions. If you will step this way, we will proceed to view the family protraits of the Wharton family."

He changed his slightly burlesque tone to a more serious one, as he ran over the portraits; and, naturally enough, drew the Sister's arm within his.

"This," he said, gravely, "is the portrait of the last Lord Wharton."

As he spoke, he felt the Sister's arm tremble, and the frail body sway. Mr. Harling, who had been standing near, with his observant eye upon her, stepped forward quickly, and took her other hand.

Before anyone could speak she had recovered herself, and stood looking at the portrait, with a mask-like face, and unfathomable eyes. She looked at that moment like one of the pictures stepped from its frame.

"You are tired?" said Gerald. "We will rest!"

"No," she said, in a low voice, but quite firmly. "Let us go on, please!"

Gerald drew her arm through his still more closely, and they went along the corridor, and to the end of the body of the building.

"There is a part of the house here which Claire would like to show you. It is the wing I was at work upon; but we will see it some other day."

"I would like to see it now," she said.

Mr. Harling signed to him to withhold any further remonstrance, and Claire, unlocking the dividing door, they passed into the room which had just escaped demolition.

"Is it not a fine old room?" said Gerald. "It was here that I was at work. Oh, by-the-way, do you know, Claire, I have quite forgotten the portrait."

"What portrait?" asked Claire.

"The portrait of the lady we found behind the panel," he said. "Don't you remember? I stuck it back there the day I left, and it must be there still, of course. I should like to show it to the Sister and Mr. Harling; may I?"

"Why, certainly!" said Claire. She laid her cheek against his, and whispered, "Why do you ask me? It is all yours!" Then, aloud, "I'll send for a chisel, or something."

"No need," he said. "I can get at it with this," and he took out the old knife with which he had hunted, and carved, and cut faggots, and other things too numerous to mention, and, getting on a chair, removed the panel with ease, and took out the picture.

"It's none the worse," he said, "Wait till I've dusted it, and you will see how beautiful it is."

They all gazed at it; then Mr. Harling uttered an exclamation, and glanced at Sister Agnes. She had sunk on one of the ancient chairs, and was looking at the picture with the same set face and unfathomable eyes.

They all followed his gaze, and Claire, after a moment or two of silence, said in an awed voice—

"Sister! It is like you!"

Sister Agnes smiled a strange smile. "The portrait is that of a young girl, Claire; I am an old woman."

"Still, there is a likeness," said Gerald, in a hushed voice. "I see now! Why did I not notice it when I first saw you? Do you detect it, sir?"

Mr. Harling rubbed his chin, and looked hard at the floor.

"Likenesses are very deceptive, my lad," he said. "Put the picture down; the Sister would like to rest here for a little while. Miss Sartoris, if I might take the liberty——"

"In your own house," said Claire, with a smile.

For once he did not contradict her, but went on quietly—

"I would suggest that we have our tea here."

"I will go and see to it," said Claire. "Come with me, Grace!" And, linking her arm in Grace's, she ran out of the room, more like a schoolgirl than so important a person as the mistress of Court Regna.

Mr. Harling closed the door after them, and, going up to Sister Agnes, laid his hand gently and protectingly on hers.

"My dear!" he said. "Shall I tell him the story of that picture? You know that I have guessed—discovered—it? But, you, yourself, do not know all; it has only come to my knowedge very recently. Are you strong enough to hear it?

"Yes," she said, in the same tone.

Mr. Harling looked at Gerald.

"My boy," he said, "be prepared for a surprise, and try to take it as calmly as she, God helping her, will do."

Gerald said nothing, but bent his head, and stood erect, with folded arms.

"It was not a whim, Gerald, that took me to that place, Lartree," said Mr. Harling. "I went there to find a sister from whom I had parted when I was a child. She was older than I, and had been a mother to me, and when I came back to England, my first thought was of her. I did not find her. I shall not do so till I cross the Last River.

"She had married the vicar of the place, and she had died of a broken heart; his heart had broken also, for they had lost their only child, the treasure of their lives.

"She had not died, but had left them with her lover, and had passed out of their lives as completely as if snatched from them by the hand of Death itself. I wanted to find where this daughter—my niece, remember—had gone. And I have."

His hand closed on the Sister's. The black-robed figure was bowed and motionless.

"If you are thinking ill of her, cease to do so. The man she fled with married her. He took her away with him to Italy, and there, deeming her guilty of betraying him, he left her. A child was born. She thought that it had died"—his hand closed more firmly on the one he held—"but she was deceived; the boy lived. He was taken from her and placed under the care of a couple in England. He grew up with them to boyhood, and then he ran away from them to sea."

Gerald moved slightly, and looked from one to the other, but said nothing.

"Mother and son were completely ignorant of each other's existence. She came to England at last, and devoted herself to a life of charity. The saints are not all dead yet: she is one of them."

His voice broke slightly. "He wandered about the world until it chanced that he came to a place called Regna——"

Gerald uttered an exclamation under his breath.

"Be silent and be calm, my lad!" said Mr. Harling, with a warning glance at the figure beside him.

"I chanced to meet him at the very place at which his mother was born. Can you wonder that I started when you told me your name, Gerald? For it was the maiden name of your mother: Wayre!"

Gerald could not repress a cry now.

"You," said Mr. Harling, "were her son and my kinsman. The man she married was Lord Wharton; this lady, whom God protect, is Lady Wharton, and your mother."

There was a profound silence in the room; then, how he knew not, Gerald was on his knees before her, with his arms straining round her, and his head upon her bosom, while sobs of "Mother!" "My son!" broke the solemn silence.

* * * * * *

Lady Wharton's severe training in the sternest and most severe of schools had endowed her with a marvelous power of self-restraint, and though her whole being was thrilling with that most sacred of all emotions, maternal love, she exerted that power on behalf of the still more shaken and agitated Gerald.

She soothed him with word and caress, and in a very few minutes they were sitting hand-in-hand, with tears on their cheeks, 'tis true, but outwardly calm.

"Mother!" whispered Gerald, as if the word were the sweetest his lips could frame, and "Gerald, my son!" she murmured in response; while Mr. Harling stood a little distance with his back turned to them and his face hidden in his handkerchief.

"And you are Lady Wharton!" said Gerald. "Think of it, mother—mother!"

"And you are Lord Wharton!" said Mr. Harling, coming up to them. "Think of that!"

Gerald started. He had, in fact, not thought of it, yet.

"Now, you see," remarked Mr. Harling, drily, "that you and Claire need make no fuss about my paying the Sapleys' mortgage. I'm your uncle, Gerald, or something like it—shake hands! God bless you, my boy!

"You little thought, when you fought for Grace's life, that you were risking yours to save your cousin! I'm your kinsman, as I say, and I suppose I'm at liberty to spend some of my money in saving the estates if I like.

"It's the first time in my life I've got any real enjoyment out of the pile—excepting when I've been buying something for Grace, and it makes me feel quite glad that I found the Butterfly."

Gerald wrung his hand.

"But they're Claire's estates, you know, sir," he said, with a laugh. "They were not entailed, and Lord Wharton——"

"Your father," murmured Lady Wharton.

"Yes, my father!" said Gerald, in a low voice, and still wonderingly, "left everything to her; and it was the very best thing he could have done." Then he looked at them gravely. "By the way, sir, I——" He stopped and bit his lip, and looked a little troubled.

"Couldn't we keep our secret a little longer? I've got my mother, and I don't care a fig for the title! Could't we keep it until Claire and I are married? She's—well, it will be no news to you if I tell you that she's proud. You know that.

"She wouldn't be my own dear Claire if she were not. If she knows who I am she will want to hand over the estates, and—— Mother, I don't want her to do that!

"I would rather marry her as we are: She, the mistress to Court Regna, and I, just Gerald Wayre, quite a nobody, without a title, and without a penny."

Of course the mother understood instantly.

"Yes, keep the secret!" she said, looking up at Mr. Harling.

He hesitated.

"Well, I don't know!" he said. "You two will find it precious difficult to hide it. You won't be able to look at each other without having 'mother' and 'son' in your eyes!"

"We have called each other 'mother' and 'son,'" said Lady Wharton tremulously.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Harling, resignedly. "Let the boy have his way. But, mark me, Gerald, only till after the wedding! You must take your proper place then.

"I'm going to take that as my reward for hunting out the truth. I want to see my sister's grandchild in his proper place—the Earl of Wharton! I want to see my niece recognised and righted!"

Lady Wharton trembled.

"I am Sister Agnes!" she said.

"You are that boy's mother, my dear!" he said, warmly; "and you owe it to him, to your dead parents' memory, to your family, to take your right place and position!"

"It shall be as Gerald wishes," she said.

"Hush! Here they come," he said. "We will tell her after the wedding. We must be married at once. You must help me to persuade her, mother! Hush!"

He had just time to kiss her and move away from her before Claire and Grace came in. They were laughing about something, and were flushed with running up the stairs. Claire went up to Lady Wharton and put her arm round her.

"Are you rested, dear?" she said. "Tea's just coming. How happy you look!"

"I am very happy," said Sister Agnes, and her eyes filled with tears.

Gerald went to the window. The footmen brought in the tea, and Claire at once began to pour it out.

"It was a happy idea of yours, Mr. Harling," she said. "And we'll often have tea here. When it's rebuilt, I mean," she went on, glancing at Gerald. "The architect has returned, after a long holiday, and is going to resume operations.

"On the south side he intends building two suites of rooms; one of them for some friends of mine, Mr. Harling and his daughter, and the other for a lady who will be kept a close prisoner! I say a prisoner, because it will only be by chaining her to some article of furniture that we shall be able to keep her from escaping to her dearly beloved slums. However, perhaps we shall be able to find her some poor and dirty people in Regna, let us hope so!"

She looked at Sister Agnes bewitchingly, as if she defied her to refuse, and went on, turning to Gerald—

"Oughtn't we to keep this antique furniture, Gerald, just as it is? We want Mary Lexton here—and she is coming in a week or two; I heard from her this morning. She knows all about furniture, and can spot—is that right, Gerald? I'm trying to learn all his slang, Mr. Harling, because I find it so much more expressive than ordinary English."

"Some of it's very expressive," said Mr. Harling, with a twinkle in his eye.

Claire blushed.

"Well, I have to make a selection, of course; it's so difficult to tell whether a word's wicked or not. I tried one on Lord Chester yesterday, and he didn't even wince; and it would be so easy to shock him."

Gerald looked down at her with a fine smile.

"Easy for most people, I dare say," he said. "But some of us are privileged."

The color rose again to Claire's face. She told Gerald of Lord Chester's offer, and, strange to say, it had not aroused his jealousy, but only increased the warmth of his liking for that true nobleman.

"Yes," said Claire, musingly. "We will let Mary loose on the furniture, as Gerald would say, and she shall arrange it just as she pleases. It will be delightful to see her trying to drag that old bureau about, for instance," and she nodded at it."

Gerald started.

"By Jove!" he said; "that reminds me!" And he began fumbling in his pocket. It was full of papers and sketched, and they all watched him with the faint amusement and enjoyment with which we all watch a man hunting for something.

"Oh, here it is!" he said, at last, and he held up an envelope. "Do you remember me finding some papers that had been left in that old bureau, Claire?"

She shook her head.

"Oh, but you must!"

"If you say so, I do," she said, with so meek a smile on her lovely face that Grace laughed.

"I gave them to you, and you gave them back to me to take care of, or to give to Mr. Sapley, I forget which."

"And you have taken care of them in a man's usual way," said Mr. Harling. "If you want to forget anything, if you want to lose a letter, for instance, give it to a man to post. I've carried one about in my pocket already stamped for months."

"I've carried these about for months!" said Gerald. "I put them into this envelope, meaning to post it; then I thought I'd bring it myself; that's what brought be back to Court Regna," he added with a simplicity that made Lady Wharton smile, and the rest laugh. "It's fearfully dirty, the envelope, I mean; but there it is, at last."

Claire took it.

"It looks as if it had been carried about by the Wandering Jew," she said, lightly. "I suppose they'll turn out to be nothing more interesting than old bills or receipts."

She looked at her name written by his hand with the look that only a woman in love can wear; then she daintily opened the envelope.

Gerald had beckoned Lady Wharton to the window, and was talking to her in a low voice, when Claire rose, with a faint exclamation, and they turned and saw her standing with two faded papers in her hand; her face was whiter than the papers, and there was a startled expression in her eyes. She looked round the group; then, holding out the papers a little, she said in a low voice—

"You have not read these? But of course not! Can you guess what they are? No, you cannot! This is Lord Wharton's will!"

"Lord Wharton's will?" said Mr. Harling, quickly.

"Yes," said Claire, looking at him with a strange light in her eyes. Women are quick to grasp a great truth, quicker even than men, when the fact closely touches those they love. "This is his last will; his last will. I know the date of that which he made in my favor. This is"—she glanced at the paper—"two years later!"

They held their breath.

"And——" asked Mr. Harling, comprehensively.

"No; it does not leave Court Regna to me," said Claire. "I knew it! He told me almost with his last breath that he had not done so! This will—see, it is all in a few lines—leaves everything—excepting a provision for me—to his son!"

Gerald and Mr. Harling exchanged glances. Lady Wharton stood with her arms folded across her bosom, patient and calm.

"To his son," continued Claire, in a hushed voice, "Gerald Wayre! Gerald! is it you?"

He went to her, and put his arms round her. She put both her hands, with the papers in them, her breath coming fast. Something like dread mingled with the amazement in her eyes.

"I am Lord Wharton's son, dear!" he said.

She laughed—it was a little hysterical.

"You are Lord Wharton, the Earl of Wharton!" she breathed.

"I am Lord Wharton, Claire!" he said. "But it is not proven yet."

"Yes," she said, and the hand that held the smaller paper fluttered on his breast.

"This is the certificate of your birth! He must have put it with the will that there might be no doubt, no difficulty. Take them, Gerald! Everything is yours." She laughed still a little hysterically, and her hand seemed to close on him clingingly.

"Oh, I am so glad, so glad! You are Lord Wharton! Think of it, Gerald. I am so glad, and so proud! And I have been robbing you all this time! But I give it all back to you now, dear—everything!"

She seemed to divine by the silence that her surprise was not shared wholly by the others, and she looked over her shoulder at them.

"Why! You knew it! Sister——"

Gerald drew Lady Wharton forward.

"You have given me Court Regna, dearest," he said, and the tears that shone in his eyes were no shame to his manhood. "Shall I give you something in exchange? Claire, this is my mother—and yours!"

As Lady Wharton took the now sobbing girl in her arms, Gerald turned aside, tore the will in two, and dropped it on the fire which the servants had lit. Mr. Harling sprang forward, and snatched the half-burned document from the grate.

"Excuse me, young man!" he said, dryly. "But you forget that I've an interest in the property!" And he carefully extinguished the paper, folded it as carefully, and, with a nod, placed it in his pocket.

* * * * * *

The wedding was to have been a quiet one—quite quiet; but, perhaps, no one was very much surprised to find, when the bridal party made its way to the church, that the little time-beaten edifice was crammed, that not only the churchyard, but a large space in front of it, was filled with an eager, excited, and delighted crowd.

Carriages lined the roads, gay with bunting and laurel, for some distance; for, though the invitations had been few, the guests were many.

The county simply declined to be left out of an affair which so intimately concerned it; and everybody, who could be present, came to look on at the most romantic wedding which had ever taken place in Regna, or, in fact, the county itself.

Claire had always been popular, and Gerald had won a place for himself in the hearts of the poor; and the fact that the sweet faced Sister Agnes was Lady Wharton, and his mother, added a zest to the situation which heightened the interest and excitement.

As the bride appeared, a murmur of admiration and affection, which soon grew into a loud cheer, greeted her, and sent the blood to her face.

Mr. Harling, who gave her away, was, perhaps, the proudest man in what was afterwards described as a popular demonstration, and he shook hands with Lord Chester three separate times, as the two men, warm friends already, made their way, with difficulty, through the crowd.

But, indeed, his pride seemed to be shared by the whole throng, who felt as if the mistress of Court Regna belonged to every one of them; as, indeed, in the best of all senses she did, and continued to belong.

As for Gerald, his pride in the lovely creature who was that day indeed made his own, was overwhelmed by a joy so great as to fill him with a wondering amazement.

It seemed to him, even as they drove back to the Court, side by side, hand in hand, as if even now he doubted the reality of his overwhelming happiness, and his hand closed on hers in a grip so tight that she could feel the impress of her wedding ring—her wedding ring!—on the fingers next it.

"Claire! Claire! Is it all a dream?" he said.

She was silent a moment, then she whispered—

"Yes; it's all a dream, Gerald; but you and I will go on dreaming it!"

They were still in dreamland as they passed up the steps, lined by a cheering crowd—for the Court was open to all who chose to enter its grounds that day—a crowd that shouted with all the power of its lungs—

"God bless you, my lord! God bless you, Mr. Gerald! God bless you, my lady! Heaven keep you, and send you happiness, Miss Claire! Long life to our lord and lady!"

They were still in dreamland when they stood in the hall surrounded by their true and tried friends, and they did not wake to the full sense of the happiness God had showered upon them until Claire was lying upon Sister Agnes' tender bosom, and they heard her murmur, with a little sob—

"God bless you, my son and daughter!"

Of that wedding-breakfast, Downshire in general, and Regna in particular, still talks.

Lord and Lady Wharton are famous for their hospitality; but none of the splendid entertainments, which has since been given by them within the stately walls of Court Regna, have effaced the memory of the never to be forgotten marriage feast; and men still quote, with admiration and despair, the speeches made by Mr. Harling and Lord Chester, and talk of the bride and her beauty.

There is always a little pause after the excitement of such a tremendous function, and, perhaps, few noticed that the bride and bridegroom, attired for traveling, had stolen away, or that the Dowager, Lady Wharton, was also missing.

These three had left the crowd of rejoicing guests, and had gone down, side by side, to the little cottage in the shrubbery.

It was not Lady Wharton's first visit there. As they stood by the bed, the old woman, who had accompanied her in her girlish flight, looked up at her with dim but smiling and loving eyes; but it was to Claire she spoke.

To her, Gerald and Claire were Lord Wharton and the girl with whom she had sailed in the yacht, and, as Claire bent down and kissed her, she said, with placid satisfaction—

"You're looking as well and bonny, my lady, as ever; and, my lord, too, is just as he always was. Ah, well, you deserve a good and handsome husband, my lady; and my lord is that, let people say what they will!"

"Say, 'God bless you,' nurse!" whispered Claire.

"God bless you, my dear!" said the old woman, as if she were a little surprised at the request, and Claire's emotion. "And, God bless my lord, too. Does the yacht sail to-day? Is the weather fine?"

"Yes, nurse!" said Gerald's deep voice; "please God, we shall have a long and prosperous voyage!"

Just before the happy pair entered the ribbon-bedecked carriage which was to convey them to the station, Gerald handed a long-shaped parcel to Mr. Harling.

It looked as if it contained an axe, and, in fact, it did, and a very fine and useful axe it would have been if Terrence could ever have brought himself to use it, instead of hanging it over his fireplace and pointing it out to everyone who entered the hut, and insisting upon telling the wonderful story of its donor.

It may be mentioned that Gerald and Claire, themselves, found it there when they paid Terrence a visit later on.

With shouts of "Come back soon! Come back soon!" ringing in their ears, they were whirled to the station, and, at last, in the reserved carriage of the London express, realized that they were alone.

It was a strange feeling, that isolation in the midst of a great joy and absorbing happiness.

These two could only look into each other's eyes in silence for a time, then Gerald said, as he drew the costly furs more closely round the woman whose small hands had opened the gates of the earthly Paradise for him—

"Claire, that cry of theirs echoes in my ear. We must go back soon. We shall be happy over there in the warmth and the sunshine, but Court Regna lies very near my heart—almost as near as its queen!"

She nestled a little closer. "I first learnt what love meant when I met its mistress there, and, somehow, it seems mean and cruel to rob it of her, even in this moment of our joy, and even though it be only for a time."

"You have not robbed it, Gerald!" she whispered, her lips close to his. "Think! You have given it a master as well—you are Court Regna's lord and master—and mine! Be good to us both, dear, my lord, for we love you passing well!"

[THE END.]

MAKING STAGE EFFECTS.

If we except some few modern comedies in which the scenes are all interiors, almost every play requires the simulation of natural phenomena—storm, sunshine, moonlight, thunder, lightning, hail, rain, wind, and snow.

Formerly these effects were produced by very simple means; but even stage methods are now constantly changing, and a master of stage management is ever on the look-out for devices by which Nature may be more closely imitated.

No matter what kind of stage weather an author may desire for his play, the prompter, aided by the gasman and the limelight men, can provide it for him. Rosy dawn on a summer's morning!

The limelight men slip rose-colored glasses in front of their limelight boxes, and the gasman turns his footlights, his "wing" lights, and his "border" lights half down.

But the rosy light from the limes only falls in patches on the stage and the scenery; so a very ingenious device is resorted to. This is the use of what are called "mediums."

The mediums—usually made from a strong but transparent fabric called "tammy"—are in three colors—red, amber, and blue.

By simple mechanical means these strips of colored cloth are made to serve as screens to all the gas jets which light the stage, softening the crude light and suffusing the whole scene with the color desired.

The electric light has now replaced gas in most first-class theatres, and colored glasses take the place of cloth, but the general principle is retained.

Perhaps you would like a golden summer afternoon? It is ready for you in a moment. All lights full up; amber medium and amber shades to the limelights. Or do you want a soft and tender moonlight, such as might serve for Romeo and Juliet's balcony?

Lights half down, blue limes and blue mediums, and there you are! Your stationary moon would have been easily obtained by the use of oiled silk only a few years ago; but there have been many improvements in stage moons of late.

In the best theatres to-day your sky at the back of the "set" would be painted a delicate blue tint upon strained linen, and your moon rise and the effect of drifting clouds would be obtained by means of a huge magic lantern worked from the back of the stage.

The stage sun and moon are mysterious orbs. Their light generally falls upon the leading actor or actress only, following them in their movements all over the stage, and stopping whenever they stop.

Leaving Nature in some of her softer moods, let us now work up a terrific storm. At first we hear the distant mutterings of thunder.

These sounds are easily produced by rattling the "thunder sheet"—a thin plate of sheet iron which hangs within easy reach of the prompter's hand. The rain begins to patter sharply, and the rising wind shrieks and howls.

To this day there is no better device for simulating the sound of falling rain than the rattling of dried peas in a wooden box, while the roaring and rushing of the wind are best imitated by rubbing sharply the surface of a piece of tightly-stretched silk.

Ah! a flash of lightning, almost blinding in its intensity. There is no need to be frightened. The bright flash has merely been produced by blowing a stream of the yellow powder known as lycopodium through a gas jet.

And then the thunder comes with a crash, which makes the inexperienced playgoer almost start out of his seat.

For these terrific crashes—and one of the most startling was that which came with the earthquake in Claudian—a "thunder box," or chamber, has to be specially built.

This is a stout, strong, narrow, enclosed box, lined with sheet iron, built at least half round the side and back of the stage. In this chamber there are numerous sudden descents, like steep steps.

Heavy cannon balls are placed at the top of this enclosed tunnel. These are released when the prompter pulls a string; and away they go rushing down the incline, crashing upon the iron plates in their fall, the sound dying away with an angry rumble in the distance.

Snow is a very difficult substance to deal with on the stage. It is produced, as every boy who has witnessed a stage snow storm must guess, by tearing sheets of white paper into very small pieces and shaking them down from the top of the stage.

Paper artificially frosted, in order that it might glisten and sparkle in the limelight, has been tried, and one manager recently tried the effect of small fragments of fleecy cotton wool; but neither of these experiments was altogether successful, and plain white paper holds the field.

The great difficulty is to get a steady and even fall, and to prevent the pieces of paper from descending in thick "clumps" in some parts of the stage while other parts are free from any snow whatever.

For this purpose "snow boxes" are used in the "flies," and it is the duty of the men above to move these boxes gently and steadily to and fro in order to ensure a regular and realistic snow fall.

HORSEFLESH AS FOOD.—Hippophagy—or, to speak less euphemistically, the habit of eating horseflesh—is spreading on the Continent. While savage man is known to have sated his ravenous hunger with horseflesh or any other variety of flesh he could find, the modern origin of this peculiar taste dates from the siege of Paris, during the Franco-Prussian war, when the populace were compelled from dire necessity to sacrifice this noble quadruped to sustain life.

Many acquired a taste for the meat, and the demand for it did not cease with the capitulation of the city. Horseflesh, too, is much cheaper than beef. Beef in Paris is worth about tenpence a pound, while horseflesh can be had for about fourpence a pound.

Once planted in Paris, the habit spread to other Continental cities, especially Berlin, where horseflesh is now consumed in considerable quantities by the poorer classes, and the medical authorities and humanitarians are raising their voices against what they justly consider a somewhat barbarous and dangerous custom.

LOST.

BY R. T.

Falls the soft glow of the firelight
  Round about the darkened floor;
Echoes of the children's laughter
  Enter at the half-closed door.

And I wander, dreaming, dreaming,
  Back through years of long ago,
Back through days of joy and gladness,
  Days whose love-light lingers so!

Then before me comes my darling,
  That dear face now gone for aye,
Gone from gloom of earthly darkness
  To the light of endless day—

Gone, but, having left its shadow,
  Ever present to my sight—
Gone, but ever waiting for me,
  Waiting for me in the light.

With the dying of the embers
  Would the dark stream might be crossed,
Landing me at dawn of morning
  With my darling loved and lost!

Madame La Comtesse.

BY G. L. R.

IN 18— I was in Paris, studying art, and doing, or pretending to do, an immense deal of work. Those days were the happiest of my not uneventful life.

Paris has indeed, for those who know her well, a peculiar and resistless fascination, the sort of charm which Thackeray tells of in his Quartier Latin ballads, and which Marie Bashkirtsheff raved of in her journal. I soon fell under the spell, and plunged into the delight of la vie Boheme.

One day I was returning home from the Louvre, where I had been copying the entombment of Ataia. My fingers were cramped and tired from handling my brushes, but my heart was as light as air, and I hummed a gay chansonette as I strode along.

En route I entered the Morgue.

The old Morgue, an ugly and repulsive looking building, over whose destruction Robert Browning waxed eloquent in verse, was pulled down some years ago.

The present building is neat looking and commonplace, with nothing in its exterior to show that it is a public office, except the flag of the Republic which waves over the entrance. It is situated on the Isle St. Louis, almost under the shadows of Notre Dame, and close to the Seine, from which so many of its inmates are dragged.

You enter at one door, pass through, and go out at another. Part of the building is partitioned off with thick plate-glass, and behind this lie the bodies, each on an iron bed or stretcher, with feet turned to the spectators, and the head raised.

The spectacle is always more or less ghastly, and it is a terrible and significant fact that although all these poor creatures are the unknown victims or suicide, the Morgue is rarely if ever empty.

One grows accustomed to the sight; it haunted me at first, but I soon got over it, and thought no more of it than the Parisians themselves.

To-day, there were three bodies lying behing the plate-glass. Two were men, the third a beautiful girl. Her tawny red hair—the color we artists love—streamed damp and matted over her iron pillow. Her eyes were closed, their long lashes sweeping the death ivory of her cheeks. Her finely-chiselled lips were slightly parted, as though in a last sigh.

By her side hung the dress in which she had been found, a white garment of some soft clinging material.

My eyes took in all these details, and rested long and fixedly upon the lovely face.

The Morgue, strange to say, was nearly empty of spectators, and the one or two stragglers who were there did not seem to share my sense of admiration.

Indeed, they did not seem to notice the girl at all, but stared, with whispered comments, at her two companions. Even at the time I noticed this. Could I only have known!

At last, after one more admiring but reverent glance, I left the Morgue, and wended my way to my studio. My thoughts were still full of what I had just seen.

I lighted my lamp and made up my fire, stirring the latter into a bright blaze. As I did so I thought of that unknown form cold and cheerless in death.

"She has no fire to warm her." I said it aloud, and then half shuddering to hear the sound of my own voice. "Pshaw!" I thought, "I am getting nervous. Here are the English letters. Now for home news."

The first I opened was from my dear old father, the Squire of the Hampshire village over the water.

"I enclose the check; and Jack, my dear boy, we are all looking forward to your return on Thursday. Your mother says you won't care for Ravenscourt after Paris, but I tell her I know better. Will give you all news when we meet. Order some of that dry champagne from the place in the Rue Castiglione. Your mother sends her love, and encloses a letter from Millicent, which came in one of hers.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER."

"P. S.—We can't give you any French frogs, but there will be a fine sirloin or two when you come."

Dear old dad. The letter was eminently characteristic of him, especially the postscript.

My sister's ran as follows:—

"The Limes, Clapham.

"MY DEAR JACK.—You don't know how I am longing to see you. We are going to have a lovely Christmas all together this year, and I have a grand piece of news for you. Papa and mamma have allowed me to invite my schoolfellow, Estelle Levine (the lovely French girl I told you about), to spend it at Ravenscourt. So now you will see her, for she is betrothed already, in the horrid French fashion—in fact it was done when she was in her cradle—to the Count de Vieuxbois, a very handsome man, and very rich. He comes sometimes to see her at school, and all the girls rave about him. You and Estelle will be able to talk French together (Estelle laughs at my French) and to sing duets—Estelle has a lovely voice, and plays divinely. Good-bye, Jack.

"Your loving sister,
"MILLICENT."

I folded up my sister's enthusiastic letter. And all that night I dreamt of a French girl, but it was not about Millicent's friend; it was about the girl in the Morgue.

The next morning, the day before the one fixed for my return to England, I rose late; and having consumed my rolls and coffee sat down at my easel to paint. I did not intend going to the Louvre, for I had to pack, and there were several farewell visits to be paid.

For a time I daubed away idly at some anatomical studies. It was perfectly useless. How can the mind settle to one thing when it is full of another? I made the most absurd blunders, and finally thrust the canvas impatiently aside. Then I took up another, lighted a fresh cigarette, mixed some more colors, and, line by line, drew in the contour of a woman's head.

Feature by feature it appeared. I hardly breathed. My hand worked like lightning, with bold swift strokes. I painted not by law but by inspiration.

Gradually the outline grew more distinct—then the flesh-tints, the hair, the subtle curves, the closed eyelids, the parted lips. In about three hours I rose from my seat, and there on the easel before me stood a life-like study of the face I had seen in the Morgue!

I gazed at it, half in fondness, half in abject terror. I knew it was the best thing I had ever done, or could ever hope to do. But was it my own work? True, I had painted it, but what occult influence had guided my hand?

With a strong shudder I packed the picture up carefully in boards, not to smear the still wet paint, and put it away among my things for England. This done, I went to a cafe and ordered my dinner.

While eating it I debated: should I go and see her again, or should I not? Yes, I thought, just once, only once before leaving Paris.

I knew I was the victim of a morbid fancy, but I reflected that perhaps if I took one last look at her face it would prevent me from dwelling so much upon it in the future. Perhaps I had idealized it on the previous day, it might look different—less lovely—to-day.

So I went down to the Morgue, and entered the door on the left, and went straight to the place where I expected to see her lying.

But she was gone.

* * * * * *

"Well, Jack! How are you, my boy?"

"First-rate, father. Why, are you looking younger than ever! How like you to come out in all this snow to meet me?"

"Goodish bit of snow, isn't it? Here, Spencer, put Mr. John's luggage in the phaeton. A merry Christmas to you, Spencer!"

"Same to you, Squire, and a-many of 'em."

"There's half-a-crown for you. Let go their heads, George."

In another moment we were dashing along towards the Grange behind my father's spanking greys. I enjoyed the keen crisp air and the familiar landscape white and sparkling.

We soon arrived at the lodge, and at last stopped before the old-fashioned door. My mother was on the steps to meet me before I had time to jump down. Behind her was Millicent. Between them both I was nearly hugged to death.

"There! let him go in," said my father; "don't keep him out in the cold."

I followed them into the library. The ruddy glow of the fire shone on the carved oak walls, the crimson hangings, the gleaming silver, the dainty china cups.

"Well, this is comfortable!" I began—and then stopped, for coming out of the shadow, with a soft gliding step, was a tall graceful figure in gray.

"Estelle," said Millicent, "he has come. Jack, this is my friend Estelle Levine."

At that moment the fire flared up, and its light fell full on her face. Merciful powers! it was the face I had seen in the Morgue!

For a moment I stood as if turned to stone; then I recovered myself sufficiently to take the hand that was stretched out to me in a pretty friendly way.

"We must not stand on ceremony," said a low sweet voice. "Millicent has told me so much about you that I feel I know you already."

I said something, I forget what; and at that moment the old butler brought in the lamp.

"Had you ever a twin sister, Mademoiselle Levine?"

We were in the drawing-room, after dinner, and she was turning over some of my sketches. She laughed a merry laugh.

"What a question! No, indeed. I am an only child. But how grave you look. You are making a mystery out of poor little me.

"Once to-night you asked me if I had been in Paris lately; and when I said no, you looked relieved; and when you first saw me you really looked at me as if I were a ghost. Where have you seen me before?"

"I never said I had seen you before. What put that idea into your head?"

"Only what I hear and see. You have evidently seen someone like me; my 'double' perhaps. Everybody has a double. Where did you see her?"

These questions were growing intolerable. I changed the subject somehow, and asked her to sing.

"Do sing, Estelle," said my sister, coming across the room towards us. "I want Jack to hear you."

With the utter absence of affection which distinguished everything she did, Estelle Levine rose at once and went to the piano. She played a brief prelude, and then in a rich, clear contralto voice began the opening notes of a quaint song.

As long as I live I shall never forget that song as she sang it. The dreamy, languid voice carved every note deep into my heart. It was like the passionate wail of a spirit; the weary cry of a disappointed and fruitless life. When she had finished she rose.

"Doesn't she sing beautifully?" whispered Millicent. "I told you so. Thank you, Estelle. Now I am going to ask Jack to sing."

I sang one or two songs; Millicent played; and so the evening went on.

"Why do you sing such sad songs?" I asked Mdlle. Levine during a pause in the music.

"Oh, because—because I like them, I think.

"But you are not sad."

"Oh, no—no. But somehow when I sing I always enter into my songs more if they are sad ones. And then, too, I think—but I won't tell you what I think. You would call me foolish."

"I shall not call you foolish, and I insist upon knowing what you think."

"Well, then, I am a fatalist. And my fate is a sad one."

"Indeed!" I forced a laugh.

"There! you are laughing at me, and you promised not to."

"Well, I won't laugh, but you must get rid of these morbid fancies."

"They are not morbid fancies; I know my destiny. It is a sad one."

"Will you try not to think such things?"

"I can't help being a fatalist."

"But you can help thinking too much about it."

"Well, I won't think about it any more. How well you talk French! It is such a treat to me to hear it again. They wouldn't let me say six words at Clapham, because I was there to learn English."

"Quite right! Now, will you sing again?"

Giving me a mischievous look she plunged into a gay chansonette, singing it with true French spirit and audacity.

"Does that please Monsieur?" she asked demurely at its conclusion.

"I liked it. But I like the others best."

"And so do I," broke in Millicent. "Mournful songs suit you better, Estelle; don't they, Jack?"

"Don't ask him!" said Estelle, laughing.

The next day, under pretext of a walk, I got Millicent all to myself.

"Milly," I said, "tell me all you know about Mdlle. Levine."

"There isn't much to tell. Isn't she charming, Jack? I'm afraid you are in love with her—and there is the Count."

"Tell me about the Count."

"Why, I don't know much about him, except that he is tall, and handsome, and rich. He has large dark eyes and an estate somewhere in the north of France. He is to marry Estelle in the spring. She will stay with friends in Paris when she leaves here, and the Count has made arrangements for her marriage. It will take place at the church of St. Philippe du Roule—do you know it, Jack?"

"Well."

"And then they are going to the Count's chateau. They will live half the year in Paris, and Estelle wants me to go and stay with her. She is an orphan. Her mother died when she was a baby, and her father when she was about six, after betrothing her to the Count."

"Has she money?"

"Jack, how curious you are!"

"Never mind; I have reasons for asking."

"Yes. Estelle is enormously rich, I believe."

"And the Count?"

"Also; I told you so before. He belongs to the old noblesse, and has a large fortune to keep up his title."

"Has Mademoiselle Estelle any relatives?"

"None. She has often told me so. She is singularly alone in the world. But she will have the Count."

"I hate the Count!"

"Jack!"

Ten days later I was back in Paris. Anxious to make up my brief holiday I plunged deeply into my work, refusing all invitations, and studying incessantly. The winter that year was long and cold. Notre Dame wore a snowy mantle, and the ice lay thick on the ornamental waters of the Bois de Boulogne.

In April, Estelle's marriage took place. My sister came over from England to be bridesmaid. It was a very quiet wedding. The bridal party consisted only of M. and Mdme Letellier, Estelle's guardians, one of the Count's friends, who acted as best man, Millicent and myself.

The bride, who was in white, looked radiantly lovely. In fact, as she and the Count stood before the altar I thought I had never seen so striking a couple.

He was tall and erect, some ten years older than Estelle, with a most distinguished air, and his extreme darkness set off to perfection the fair coloring of his companion.

After the ceremony we breakfasted at Bignon's and toasted the newly-married couple. Then came the leave-taking.

"Adieu, Monsieur Jack," said the bride gaily. "We shall see you often in Paris on our return." The Count added his invitation to that of his wife. I thanked them both.

"Adieu, Comtesse."

Millicent stayed a week longer in Paris as my guest. Then she departed, and things went on in their old way. Had I forgotten the circumstances at the Morgue? Hardly. Even had I tried to forget it, or to fancy it all a dream, here was the picture in my possession which I could not make up my mind to destroy.

Time after time I told myself that it had been merely a singular coincidence, nothing more.

Indeed, what connection could that poor forsaken creature in the dead-house have with the Countess of Vieuxbois? It was a chance resemblance.

So I reasoned, and so time went on.

Autumn came, and with it a note from the Countess, dated from Paris, asking me to call that afternoon at three.

The address given was in the Rue Daru. At the hour named I arrived at the house. I was ushered into a magnificent suite of rooms, in one of which sat the Countess.

What a change! The marvelous beauty was still there, nay, even heightened, but

the bright, merry girl I had known only six months ago had gone, and a sad looking woman stood before me.

"You think me changed," she said, reading my face with a mournful smile.

"You have been ill, Countess," I said.

"Yes, ill," she whispered, sinking into a chair and covering her face with her hands. "I'll and wretched—the most wretched woman in Paris."

"Estelle, do not say such things," I exclaimed; "you are nervous and unstrung. The Count——"

"Yes, the Count!" she said with a bitter laugh. "Listen, Monsieur Jack. Do you remember that evening at your home when I told you that I was a fatalist?"

I nodded, too overcome to speak.

"Well, it has all come true: most of it at all events. The end is easy to foresee. It will come too."

"What is all this?" I exclaimed passionately. "Are you not happy in your married life. Is the Count——"

"Count? I have been deceived, I tell you. I am married to a man whom no honest person would take by the hand—a gambler, a thief, a forger. A man who has squandered everything he ever had in this world, and who married me for my fortune," Estelle exclaimed.

"Can this be true? When did you find this out?" I asked.

"Soon enough," she said with a mirthless laugh, which ended in a painful cough. "That estate about which we heard so much existed only in imagination. It was gambled away long ago. He had not a sou, and I tell you he only married me for my money. He has told me so himself."

"But M. and Mdme. Letellier—your father?"

"He deceived them all. When my father died he was a mere boy. M. and Mdme. Letellier are old and know nothing of what goes on in the world. You must go, Monsieur Jack; he may return at any moment. I sent for you because I wanted to see you and tell you all; because you are a bit of the old glad times."

The miserable wife threw herself back with a burst of tears.

My very heart was wrung with the sight of her misery. Kneeling by her side I laid my hand on her arm with a brotherly gesture.

"Come with me," I said, "I will take you to Ravenscourt. Come now, at once. Leave this wretch who has treated you so infamously, you have good cause to do so. My mother and sister will receive you with open arms, and we will try to make you happy once more. Les beaux jours will come back again after all." She only shook her head.

"You do not know my—this man," she said slowly, "he would track me out and claim me, and the law would give me to him. He told me so once before, when I threatened to leave him. Now go, I implore you. I dare not let him find you here."

"When shall I see you again?"

"To-morrow night, at seven, in front of the Madeleine. I have a presentiment I may want your advice. If I am not there do not wait. I may be detained. I have much more to tell you, but not to day."

"You will let me help you?"

"If it is possible. I cannot tell. Do not let Millicent know that you have seen me like this. It would grieve her to know what I suffer. I hear footsteps. Adieu!"

"To-morrow at seven. Au revoir."

* * * * * *

The next night, long before seven, I paced up and down in front of the Madeleine. I waited till half-past seven, till eight, no one came; and I was obliged, reluctantly to return to my studio.

I remembered her words: "I may be detained," and after all it was quite natural that she should be. Nevertheless as time went on, my heart sank, and dark forebodings took hold of me.

I sat until far into the night making plans for the welfare of the unhappy Countess. Of course she must come to England and make her home with us.

I wrote a long letter to my mother, telling her as much as I thought necessary, and begging her help and advice, and that of my father, in this time of sore need. Then I sealed the letter and locked it up in my despatch box, and as the night was now far advanced retired to bed.

In the morning I wrote a note, carefully worded, and sent it to the Rue Darn. I felt pretty certain that the Count would have the fingering of his wife's correspondence, and my note was a masterpiece of caution.

I knew she would read between the lines. Then I went out for a walk to get some fresh air down by the river, and to think over the strange events that had come to pass.

I walked on for some time, hardly knowing where I went; and at last I found myself on one of the bridges. I think it was the Pont Neuf.

I stood for a while watching the dark, sullen-looking tide, as it rolled heavily beneath me. Then, as I watched, a strange impulse came over me; a morbid desire to visit the Morgue, which was distant scarcely a stone's throw.

What Shelley calls, "A spirit in my feet," guided them up to the building, and almost before I knew where I was I found myself inside. The Morgue was filled with people; a curious pushing throng, whispering in undertones, and pointing at what? Merciful Heaven! at her!

There she lay, as I had seen her lying before, white and still, the coils of her red-gold hair dripping silently on the cold stones.

Every eye in the crowd was upon her. Sick with horror I felt myself clutching the railing before me.

"Monsieur is faint," said the woman; "no wonder; it is a pitiful sight."

The crowd looked at me with sympathy, and parted to let me pass through as I staggered out of the door and made my way to the office.

"I know the lady who is in there," I said; "have her body taken out at once."

My deposition was taken, and I was questioned and cross-questioned until I had told all I knew. Then, when every assurance had been given me that my directions should be carried out I turned to go.

"Stay," I said. "On the 19th of December what bodies were lying in the Morgue—were any of them claimed?"

The official looked surprised, but said: "I will see, m'sieu'," and consulted a thick volume.

"December 19th," he read, running his fingers down a column. "Two bodies, m'sieu', names unknown. Both men. Buried unclaimed."

"And the third body which was here then—the woman?"

"There were not three, m'sieu'; there were only two."

Petty Pilferers.

Some people have very vague notions as to what is honest and what is dishonest; and many highly respectable folk, who would scorn to steal in a true sense, entertain no scruples in appropriating trifles that tickle their fancy.

A lady who was a prolific reader, and a constant visitor at the various local libraries, invariably returned the borrowed volumes within the stipulated period, and presented them seemingly in good condition.

It was observed, however, by one librarian that the colored plates from a valuable book were constantly disappearing; and as the borrower under discussion quite frequently asked for that particular volume, an account of the plates still unappropriated was taken by the official immediately before handing over the work to the enthusiastic borrower.

The list was consulted when the book was returned, and two illustrations were missing from its pages. When asked if some accident had befallen the volume, the lady blushed deeply, and stammered a confession, saying she had taken the plates in ones and twos, believing the defect would not be noticed in this manner. She was willing to make reparation, and a few days later the librarian received by post a check from the plate stealer, which would have procured for her quite a miniature library.

A theatrical manager's wife made it a hobby to collect the photographs of the most important artistes who presented their likeness to her husband in the course of his theatrical duties.

In the course of time her collection assumed prodigious proportions, embracing several large albums of valuable photographs.

These were, of course highly interesting to her numerous friends and guests but as the fair owner noticed her collection being constantly deprived of some of its choicest specimens, she grew somewhat chary of showing her treasures to strangers and mere acquaintances.

Still the gradual robbery went on; and a strict watch exposed the thief in a pompous old gentleman, who previously had not designed to give the photographs more than a cursory glance.

Imagine his surprise when the owner of the albums stepped from behind a Japanese screen, and caught him red-handed.

What he offered as an excuse the lady never afterwards remembered, for, out of pity for his embarrassment, she kindly withdrew, taking the advantage of the ringing of a bell to beat a hurried retreat. After this occurrence the depredations ceased, but the thief had not the moral courage to return the purloined articles—some forty-eight highly finished and valuable photographs.

A lady who was proud of her artistic arrangement of flowers, always won the praise of her guests for the elegant manner in which her tables were dressed, this success being mainly dependent on the choice display of blossoms, arranged amongst her silver and delicate table ornaments.

One evening an uproar was caused by one of her guests—a crabby old gentleman who resided close at hand—accusing her of stealing his flowers, pointing to a bowl of rich blossoms, which had received special notice and admiration.

Of course, the sympathy of the company was with the confused hostess; and no one pretended to believe the lady guilty of the charge that had been brought against her in so blunt and untimely a fashion. But it was true, nevertheless, and the lady was obliged to pay rather smartly in order to escape punishment.

Their two gardens were divided only by a low privet hedge on the side, and the culprit had taken opportunity of the temporary absence of the gardner to gain access into one of the glass houses, from which the exotics had been pillaged.

Two of the servants had espied her, and informing their master, the latter went uninvited to the entertainment, purposely to own his property and expose the hostess, whom he most cordially disliked.

Some little time ago, a young lady who had trained a number of school children for a miniature pantomimic performance, secured from a large provincial theatre a quantity of dresses and other properties, paying a trifling sum for the loan of each article.

These were all returned; but examination proved that the fair borrower had been busy on her own account. Wherever it had been possible to secure a patch of silk from the linings or inner parts, she had done so; while scarves and flowing ribbons had been seriously curtailed.

By this means she had secured quite an array of fancy material, out of which she intended to make an assortment of dainty articles for a charity bazaar.

A house painter and decorator declared he had suffered extensively at the hands of his customers by their small dishonesties, women invariably being the culprits. He was obliged to send portfolios and cases containing specimens of panels—many of which were hand painted—and books with the newest designs of wall paper for the inspection of luxurious customers; and marvelled greatly at the cool manner in which the daintiest of these were appropriated—a troublesome result to him, as it was often impossible to replace them.

One lady would retain two or more panels, besides eliminating several sheets of the most delicate wall paper from the specimen books, each time they were offered for her inspection, with the notion of turning them into something artistic for her boudoir.

Deeming it unwise to acquaint her with this fact, he was compelled to level matters by adding a little extra to her account.

A very dignified gentleman was in the habit of visiting a museum, evidently taking a great interest in the various specimens displayed therein.

One large case of birds' eggs was left unsecured for several days, owing to an accident or oversight. This opportunity was taken advantage of by the curiosity-lover, and, on one occasion, he was observed to take a large egg from the collection, consigning it to the reticule which his wife carried on her arm. A letter was sent to her by the assistant who had witnessed the theft.

Next day a box containing eight eggs and a bird's nest—all of which had been extracted at different periods from the insecure case—with a letter of apology, was brought by a little lad to the museum; but the gentleman—who was very well respected—was never seen inside the building again.

Another petty pilferer confined his attentions to the hymns and prayer books left in church, and he was known to frequently present himself half an hour before the appointed time of worship, for the sake of securing any odd books from the ledges left behind by careless or confiding worshippers.

Scientific and Useful.

Stoves.—Oil stoves and gas stoves should never be kept burning in a sleeping room, for they are burned in the open air of a room, and, having no connection with a chimney flue, they throw the poisonous carbonic oxide of combustion into the air of the apartment, and make it unfit for respiration. Even an oil lamp is dangerous if left burning all night, but an oil stove is worse, because stoves generally feed more flame, consume more of the oxygen, and give off more poisonous gas.

Piano Stool.—A novel piano stool is being introduced, which, by a very simple and ingenious arrangement, enables two seats to be constructed from the one stool. The pillar supporting the seat can be divided, the two legs of each part being supported by an iron bracket resting on the floor, and giving the required stability. The circular top is in two pieces, one fitting over the other, and these are divided and adjusted to form a double seat, which should be found convenient for duet playing.

Safety Boiler.—A safety boiler, of a somewhat novel character, has been devised by a French engineer. The boiler consists of a nest of horizontal tubes placed over the furnace. Into this nest, water is injected in the form of spray, under which conditions it is instantaneously evaporated and superheated, no "solid" water—if such a term is allowable—being ever admitted to the tubes. It is stated that the tubes do not burn out, and that the evaporative power of the boiler is especially remarkable.

Asbestos.—Asbestos is being used in the manufacture of boots. The invention consists of a preparation of asbestos wool compressed into thin sheets by hydraulic pressure. These sheets are then waterproofed on one side by a special solution, and portions inserted into the boots as middle soles. Asbestos being a non-conductor of heat, its interpolation into the fabric of our boots and shoes in conjunction with a waterproof material has the effect of counteracting the influences of heat, cold, and moisture. Asbestos-lined boots cannot creak in wear, and are, besides, many times more flexible than boots made in the ordinary manner. Lastly, asbestos being a non-conductor of electricity, persons wearing boots thus made may walk over live electric wires in perfect safety.

Farm and Garden.

Felled by Gun Cotton.—A chain of compressed cakes of gun-cotton tied round the trunk of the largest sized trees and exploded will, it is claimed, cut the tree down instantly as smoothly as if it were done by an axe in the hands of an expert woodman. Furthermore, this is declared to be the most economical method of felling trees yet devised.

Vaccinated.—Impoverished land is now "vaccinated" abroad. It is generally known that land is enriched by planting it occasionally with a leguminous crop like clover, the roots of which absorb more nitrogen than they take from the ground. Where the nitrogen came from was the problem. It has been discovered that the absorption is due to minute organisms, a sort of disease in the roots, which, when the supply of nitrogen in the soil begins to fail, appear as an excrescence, draw nitrogen from the air, and so enrich the soil again.

Care of Cows.—Even after all talk and lectures, not to say actual preaching, there seems to be a lack of understanding how to use barns in the care of our cows. Some men use them as if they were simply places to store feed, and the cow's place was outside them for twelve of the twenty-four hours, and so on through the list. Then a man goes to the other extreme of shutting them up in small stables, light and air excluded, and about on the same principle as making the bed room of the owner 10x12 inches, and 6 feet long, with a tight-fitting door. There is no reason why this cow cannot have both light and air in this stable, made light by windows, and a space in which to stand equal to a box 4x14 feet in length, and 8 feet clear space from door to ceiling, or 450 cubic feet; this with a fair chance for ingress of air will be ample to give the cow a fair change for pure air.

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On Superstition.

Men have not shed their ignorance as fast as they have grown into fresh knowledge; their encasement of superstition has not been cast away before they have tried to fit themselves with the armor of truth. It is pitiful to find how slowly we get rid of the fanciful unrealities that torment us; we cannot part with them in a hurry; they are in the blood.

Superstition is a disease which can only gradually thin out as it is diluted generation after generation by healthy thought. We boast that this is the age of reason, that we are above all things practical; and yet an onlooker might fairly conclude that the common life which we all live, the world of realities, is very poverty-stricken, sterile and monotonous, so eagerly do we rush into a world that is made up solely of fantasies when we wish to indulge our imagination with a frolic.

The infinite variety of human character as it is certainly known to exist, as it forces itself on our notice, with its loves, its ambitions, jealousies, despair, exultations, whimsicalities, torpidity and energy, and the dim, dumb, faithful, patient life of the lower animals—these do not satisfy us, but we must weave for ourselves a gossamer existence, outside the world we know so well, and play with shadows.

Ghosts, fairies, mermaids, witches, Mahatmas, omens, luck—all things that are unreal and impossible have still a fascination for some minds beyond the charms of whatever is tangible and present; they love the companionship of dreams compounded of unearthly stuff. Yet the world will never make the most of its chances of happiness until it has learnt to separate rigidly between that which is and that which is not. Cicero hit the mark when he said the mind that is haunted by superstitions can never be at peace.

It is doubtful whether there has not been a growth of superstition of late. At least there has been a new delight in playing with it. Then Theosophy steps forward with its mystic jargon and unsatiable credulity, and leads captive many who are glad to find an excuse for their reason to take the bit between its teeth and run away. They like the exhilaration of the journey without caring much about the destination. And so we see a recrudescence of superstition. There is no room for any such revival, for already the causes of superstition are plentiful enough.

Religion itself, dealing as it does for the most part with questions outside the ordinary life of men, leads up naturally to excessive and unfounded fears and beliefs. Then we train our children upon fairyland fancies before they are old enough to distinguish between fact and fable. To them the probabilities are just as much in favor of Queen Mab as of Washington.

It is difficult to realize how much of the literature of the world would be blotted out if the superstitious were to be untwined from the real and cast off! There is also the natural conservatism in us all which holds fast to ancient customs and usages, however foolish; we would preserve historical continuity even though we must consciously galvanize into a semblance of life that which is dead and might conveniently be buried. We smile at the horse-shoe nailed over the stable-door, but do not take it down.

And, lastly, in favor of the survival of superstitions, there is that uncanny heredity, that transmitted fear, which is an echo of the vague terrors felt by the long procession of our forefathers. How is it that the bravest of women cannot in some cases hear thunder without agitation? They do not fear; and yet they cannot quite escape the unexhausted tremors of their ancestors. Or, again, they do not believe that the sitting down of thirteen people at a dinner-table will have an influence upon the fate of any one, yet they would rather not do it.

The people who are entirely free from this ingrained susceptibility to superstition in some form or other are comparatively few; while many cultivate it as a sort of debased and morbid pleasure, an awesome titillation of excitement. With all these sources of superstition in full flow, it is perhaps hardly to be wondered at that we are still so far off from a rational life.

From the whole region of superstition reason is rigidly excluded. If we ask a farmer who sows his corn by the directions in an almanac why he does it, he will not of course be able to tell us any more than the superstitious can tell us why spilling salt is unlucky—the salt-cellar, by the way, has been knocked over by Judas in Leonardo da Vinci's picture of the Last Supper—or why old shoes are thrown after a bride, or why is it unadvisable to change a stocking after it has been put on inside out, or to re-enter a house after saying "Good-bye" without sitting down before again leaving, or to kill a pig during the waning of the moon, or why it is lucky to drop a crooked pin into a well, or what are the laws that govern any of the other innumerable practices that mould the future for us and bring good or ill luck. How came the dog, the hare, the owl, the magpie, the seven whistlers, and other harmless birds and quadrupeds to gain their evil reputation as the heralds of sorrow?

One can understand why the rude forefathers of the race in their simplicity thought the trees were groaning under the lash of the blast, why they pictured the wind as a huntsman dashing at full cry in at one door and out at another while they cowered over the fire in their hall; but the persistence of such thoughts and fears unto the present, so that the hoot of the owl, the baying of the hound to the moon, or the shrill screams of whirling night-birds unnerve the listeners is a phenomenon which cannot very well be made to harmonize with the spread of education.

Perhaps the explanation is that superstition is the poetry of the ignorant. It has preserved in minds not easily moved the legends and sentiments of a buried world. Romance would not have survived if it had not been interwoven with the marvellous. It may be an hereditary infirmity derived from generations of credulous and impressionable ancestors, but we are strangely moved by what is vague and questioning, compared with that which is clear and readable.

When we hear that "Childe Roland to the dark tower came," we are at once in a state of excitement to know more. That excitement is the seed-ground in which superstition is sown and romance kept alive. The old wife whose life you would think would be sunk in trivial details, whose nature is too stagnant to be stirred by any but the commonest feelings, will yet grow eager while telling you of the shadowy traditions she has received, and while crooning the stray verses that are an enigmatic summary of her story.

Religion, Max Muller tells us, is the perception of the infinite; and the definition would cover superstition too. We delight in traveling with surmise, clear thought being left behind, into the region of shadows and unrealities. It is when the blur of the later evening descends upon the mountains that they loom large, solemn and brooding over us, and the superiority with which we singled out every spur of rock in the sunlight shrinks in us. So the twilight of superstition has its own attractions, and perhaps its uses.

When however we think of the possibilities that life has to offer, without recourse to what is only fancy-woven, how true love has a grace beyond all the dreams of fairyland, how the play of character on character has a delicacy which needs the keenest watching, and how the plain business of life is more than enough to tax the undivided thought and energy of each of us, we grudge any expenditure upon the foolish frippery of superstition.

CONTENTMENT, that balm against the ravages of worldly unrest, where can it be found, and what is its price? Not silver or gold, but patient striving with a thankful heart will bring it to the soul who desires it; and in its possession lurks the charm to chase away unhappy visions, to still unwise longings, and to open the inner vision to the peaceful delights of the home, the friends, the advantages which may be ours. And so through all the phases of human happiness we may go, finding always that its true essence is something that must be gained without money and without price.

THE more familiar people can become with the beauties of Nature, the more freely they can become acquainted with the masterpieces of art, the oftener their eyes meet with beautiful streets, beautiful architecture, parks, pleasure-grounds, museums and all the various forms in which beauty resides, the more responsive will they be to its silent influence, and the more discriminating will be the taste with which they will view it and judge of it.

How many take a wrong view of life and waste their nervous system in endeavoring to accumulate wealth without thinking of the present happiness they are throwing away! It is not wealth or honor that makes a man happy—many of the most wretched beings on earth have both—but it is a radiant sunny spirit which knows how to bear little trials and enjoy little comforts, and thus extract happiness from every incident in life.

IF we are gladdened by approval, we must be saddened by censure; if we are made happy by friendship, we must suffer from alienation. Bishop Brooks has said, "It is the pledge of our best intercourse with one another, the assurance of our sacredest relationships, that we have vast power to make one another unhappy."

THE question which a lady who receives an offer of marriage should consider is not merely whether she has won the affections of her admirer, but also whether, if won, she can keep them. To have and to hold are two different things.

LIFE is divided into three terms—that which was, that which is, and that which will be. Let us learn from the past to profit by the present, and from the present to live better for the future.

NO man ever shaped his own destiny or the destinies of others wisely and well who dealt much in "presentlies."

HE that allows himself everything that is permitted is very near to that which is forbidden.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

ALANNA.—It took Cromwell and Ireton from 1649 to 1656 to reduce the Irish to subjection and obedience, and it was not done without a great deal of bloodshed. The "Cromwellian Settlement" is a byword even at the present day.

S. M.—"El Dorado" is a Spanish term meaning the "golden land." The name was first given by a Spanish navigator, in 1531, to a country which he pretended to have discovered in the interior of South America, between the Orinoco and Amazon Rivers. The term has since been applied to various regions in which gold has been found.

LILY F.—Shells may be polished by either hand labor or by burnishing; in both cases all the rough parts must be well rubbed down with emery and water. If they are to be polished by hand (which is the best and most lasting way), after they have received two or three courses of emery of different degrees of fineness, they must be finished with buff leather, dressed with rottenstone and oil.

SHAMROCK.—Mahatmas are wise men of the East who are said by Theosophists to have withdrawn themselves apart from their fellows and brooded on the mysteries of life till they have obtained an insight into the secrets of nature, understand the natural laws that govern the world, and can, by using their knowledge, do what would appear miraculous to other people. It is not claimed for them that they work miracles, but that their deep secret knowledge enables them to do what would seem to us impossible, and therefore miraculous. Very plain matter-of-fact people are inclined to regard all such claims as nonsensical twaddle, started and supported by people who are either humbugs or the dupes of their own nerves.

Q. T.—It is impossible for one who has never been there to say whether eternal silence broods in the depths of the Earth. If you mean the Earth's centre, there are those who believe in the Igneous theory, to which we incline,—that the Earth is, under its thin crust, full of subterranean fires, which occasionally evidence themselves in earthquakes. The thickness of the Earth's crust may be four or five miles, or more. If beneath that crust there is a mere womb, or void, filled with gases, then it would echo and resound with terrible noises, and with sounds more dread than startled Dante in his wondrous walk, wherein he saw the kingdoms of the dead. If, on the contrary, it is, to some extent, solid, then it must be dry, and would convey sound about six times as quickly as does the air.

J. H. C.—Browning's poem, "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix," relates, probably, to a real, but possibly to an imaginary, ride. The reader was quite right: Aix is pronounced Aiks, which you might imagine was Akes; there is a slight sound of the i as the French e. This arises from a desire to preserve the German guttural of Aachen, the real current name of the town, which a Frenchman finds difficult of pronunciation. The poem explains itself; the two beleaguered cities belonging to the same federation, the relief of one of course relieved the other. The "last flagon of wine" is voted by the starved and beleaguered citizens to the swift horse which, before the days of the telegraph, and before the pigeon-post was of general use, brought such welcome news.

ANNIE B.—According to one of the biographers of the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth loved the earl, and when she heard of his marriage to the Countess of Rutland she exclaimed, "I never knew sorrow before." Elizabeth gave Essex a ring after his rebellion, saying, "Here, from my finger take this ring, a pledge of mercy; and whensoe'er you send it back, I swear that I will grant whatever boon you ask." After his condemnation, Essex sent the ring to the queen by the Countess of Nottingham, craving that her most gracious majesty would spare the life of Lord Southampton; but the countess, from jealousy, did not give it to the queen. The queen, however, sent a reprieve for Essex, but Burleigh took care that it should reach its destination too late, and the earl was beheaded as a traitor.

UNDECIDED.—1. If you wish to play the violin for your own pleasure in an amateur way, you certainly are not too old to learn, though it is unlikely you would now obtain such a mastery over the instrument as would enable you to make a professional use of your skill. Find a good teacher, who will "brush up" your former knowledge and carry you forward to the point when you can join a local orchestra. The other instruments are not worth your attention; nor is the violin, unless you can make up your mind to go steadily on as a learner until your playing begins to give pleasure to those who hear it. 2. You say your want of perseverance has led to such frequent failures that you feel ashamed to start anything again. Then be particularly careful that you do not make any formal beginnings until you are convinced that the new enterprise will give you pleasure. Each of us has only a limited amount of energy, and success depends upon concentrating that energy on work and pleasure that suit our characters. Every hastily-commenced but rapidly-abortive undertaking is a dead loss, without counting the discouragement and the distrust of ourselves that are left behind. Try to make a cool rational attempt to estimate aright your capacities and aptitudes, and resolve not to fritter away any of your energy upon work that is beyond your powers.

DREAM VOICES.

BY O. P. P.

Wearied and sad we sink to rest,
Worn from the fight of life;
And slumber, stealing o'er the frame,
Gives rest from toil and strife.

Then comes, with gentle, noiseless wing,
The angel of the night,
Filling the feverish, aching brain
With visions calm and bright.

All sorrows in that peaceful sleep
Have, for the moment, fled;
And in sweet dreams forms re-appear,—
Loved forms, now with the dead.

Scenes of Elysian bliss float through
The network of our dreams,
And long-lost voices murmur low,
Like music of the streams.

* * * * * *

The trance is o'er; the echoing voice
In silence dies away;
We wake, to realize again
Another toilsome day.

Heronscourt.

BY S. L. B.

LONDON fogs were beginning to hide the opposite side of the Square, and flakes of snow were falling, only to melt in the mud below. My chief friend and companion, Andrew Cassilis, an old man like myself, was out of town.

I am an old bachelor of seventy years, and felt rather lonely that Christmas time, for I think I was the last man left in London. I rang for the lamps, and had the curtains drawn, and then for the second time that afternoon read my brother's letter.

"Heronscourt, Berkshire.
December 16th, 18—.

"MY DEAR RUPERT:—Can we prevail upon you to leave London for once and spend Christmas with us? Grace says it is quite three years since you crossed our threshold. We shall have a few friends to keep us cheerful. Violet is at home now; and I particularly wish you to meet the gentleman to whom I have promised her hand. So I hope you will come, and oblige

"Your affectionate brother,
"NOEL DORMER."

Noel was never much of a letter-writer, but what he did say was generally to the point. Grace was his wife, and it was she who had brought him Heronscourt. Noel was six years younger than myself. Violet was their daughter, and only child.

I had been very fond of her when she was a little girl; but as she had been abroad at school, I had not seen her for some years. She was now about nineteen. And engaged, too!

My brother's words to this effect struck me as being peculiar. I made up my mind there and then that I would go to Heronscourt, as I wished to see Violet again.

So I wrote next morning to say, that, all being well, I should arrive by the coach at Reading on Monday the 23rd. I arranged to sleep at that town, and the family carriage from Heronscourt was to be sent over for me the next morning.

When Monday came I took my place in the coach. The weather was bitterly cold, and promised snow; but my good housekeeper saw that I was well wrapped up, and supplied with sundry cordials of her own manufacture.

Before we were half-way to Reading the snow began to come down steadily; and the country soon assumed its winter hue. At O—— my traveling companions all got out; and while fresh horses were being put to, I went into the Blue Boar to warm myself, and take a cup of hot negus.

The inn parlor had but one occupant, a young man, who, on seeing me enter, politely drew a chair for me to the fire. I soon found that this stranger was to be my traveling companion as far as Reading.

I don't know why, but I felt pleased that such was to be the case. He bore a distinguished appearance; was tall, with well-cut features, and, what is but seldom seen in these days, a heavy moustache on the upper lip. He also possessed a pair of the most expressive, kindly blue eyes I had ever seen.

His age might be eight-and-twenty. He wore a long, dark cloth pelisse, lined with fur, and his bearing was decidedly military.

We conversed pleasantly all the way to Reading. I found that he had been in the thick of it at Waterloo under our good duke; and before that at Salamanca, when but a mere youth. The incidents that he related made my heart thrill, and I almost felt young again myself.

It was getting dark when we arrived at the inn where I was to pass the night. My companion was going to the house of a friend; so he took a courteous leave of me, and hurried away.

I felt sorry to lose him. This young man had made a deeper impression on my heart than I was aware of, for I am not given to making friends easily, and now that I thought of it, we had not even exchanged cards.

But, after all, what did it matter? We might never meet again in this world.

Then I fell to wondering whether the good folks at Heronscourt would appear much changed since I saw them last; and how Violet would like the necklace of pearls I had bought as a present for her.

I did not know what young women liked best, but thought that something in that line would not come amiss.

Next morning I patiently waited full two hours over the time Noel had specified for the arrival of his coach. At last I heard the rumble of wheels, and going down to the inn yard saw a yellow chariot driven slowly in; but the driver was not old Peter, my brother's coachman. So I hailed him, and asked him if he had come for me.

"No, sir," the man replied, "this be Squire Carlyon's coach, from Holwell."

I felt mortified, and turning to re-enter the inn, met Peter, very red in the face, riding up in a great hurry on one of the horses.

"It's a sad pity, sir, but the right fore wheel has come off our coach about two miles out, and we had to leave it at the forge there. It's a bad business as the snow's so deep."

It was of no use fuming about it. The only thing to be done was to hire, and set out as soon as possible. Before I could say so, however, I felt a hand on my arm, and turning, saw my military acquaintance of the previous evening. We shook hands heartily.

"Can I be of any service?" he asked. "I am just about to set out for home; and if your destination lies anywhere in my direction I shall only be too happy to give you a seat?"

"I am going to Heronscourt, about fifteen miles from here," I replied.

He started slightly, and suddenly changed color.

"I pass that place on my way home; so that will be all right."

I thanked him again, but he replied, with a grave smile, that he ought rather to thank me for my agreeable company.

"My name, I ought to have told you before," I said, "is Rupert Dormer. I am brother to the squire of Heronscourt."

He bowed, gave me one quick penetrating glance; and then said, "And mine is Carlyon, sir, at your service. My father's place is about three miles beyond Heronscourt."

During the journey to my brother's house, this young man became strangely silent; I do not mean unpleasantly so; but the mention of my name seemed to have had some peculiar effect on him, and I did not seek to penetrate the mystery.

At last Heronscourt was reached. The lodge-keeper came out and threw open the great gates, and we passed on up the old avenue of elms, each of which stood silent and white, like some grim sentinel; the sunlight gleaming and scintillating on its frozen boughs.

On stopping, the footman sprang down to open the coach door, and I got out. "You will surely come in," I said to Carlyon, "and receive my brother's thanks, as well as my own?"

"No, I am obliged to you," he replied quietly, "I must get home as soon as possible; my father will be impatient." And drawing his glove, he offered me his hand. It was cold as ice. I saw him cast a rapid glance in the direction of the house, and then drive quickly away.

"I will keep my own counsel," I said to myself, "until I see how matters stand. I suspect some mystery."

The hall door was now thrown open, and a troop of dogs of all sizes rushed out and surrounded me.

"Welcome to Heronscourt, my dear Rupert," my brother said, as he wrung my hand. "But how did you come? That was surely not our carriage?"

I told him, as I divested myself of my heavy cape, of the misfortune that had befallen his vehicle, and that I had taken advantage of another, which was coming my way from Reading. Peter was to follow with my portmanteau as soon as he had had the necessary repairs made.

Grace now came forward, and welcomed me cordially. She was still a fine woman, and thought and acted entirely in accordance with the will of the husband.

"Where is Violet?" Noel asked presently, on ushering me into the library, where a bright wood-fire was cheerfully crackling on the hearth.

"She has a bad headache," Grace answered, and is lying down in her own room."

"Has Sir George come in?" he asked again.

"Yes, Noel, but he said I was not to disturb Violet on his account."

I saw my brother frown and turn impatiently away. He pushed aside with his foot a setter that had taken his place in front of the fire, and sternly bade him begone. Then, smoothing his brow, he inquired respecting my journey.

By-and-by he and Grace left me to myself for an hour, to rest after my travels. It was very cheerful sitting there in the large armchair, before the fire; the snow and the cold quite shut out.

I must have failed asleep, for I was awakened by the door being softly opened, and a young lady coming into the room. It was Violet, though I hardly knew her again; she had grown into a woman now. I could see at a glance that she was beautiful.

"Dear Uncle Rupert!" she cried, and the next minute I had her in my arms, just as I used to do when she was a little girl with rosy cheeks and joyous ways. But where was the roses now? I wondered, as I kissed her, for her face was colorless.

"I am so glad you have come at last," she said. "I have wanted you for five years."

"But you won't want me any longer," I said, in jest, "for I hear that you have someone else."

She turned suddenly to me. "I want you more than ever, uncle," she said, in a low tremulous tone; "but there is the first dinner bell. I must go and dress. I forgot to tell you that Peter has returned." And she disappeared.

"Was that Violet?" her father asked, as he entered, a moment later.

"Yes," I replied; "how she has grown! But, Noel, I think she looks delicate."

"Now, Rupert," he said, in a provoked tone of voice, "that is nonsense. There is nothing at all the matter with her. I assure you she is quite well. Pray do not put any idea of that kind into her head."

I said no more, but still held my own opinion.

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The guests assembled round the dinner-table that evening, comprised an elderly widow, named Benson, who was a cousin of Grace's; a clergyman and his wife, with their two daughters, lively girls who seemed to know how to talk; Grace's half-brother, Colonel Fenwick; and the young curate of the parish, Mr. Fountain, who seemed devoted to the Misses Pringle; and last, but not least, Sir George Cadger.

"My future son-in-law," as Noel termed him. "Heaven forbid!" I said to myself, when I heard his name. When we entered the drawing-room an hour after the ladies had left us, I had a good opportunity of observing the man for whom Violet was destined by her father.

He was small and thin, prematurely bald, and with a sprinkling of stiff yellow hair, which stood up from his forehead. He spoke with a lisp, and every sentiment he advanced he ended with a jerky laugh.

I thought I had never seen a more miserable specimen of a man, and was mentally comparing him with the fine figure and gentlemanly bearing of my late traveling companion, when looking aside I found the eyes of Violet fixed upon me with a most interested and inquiring expression in them.

I smiled, and she came and seated herself next to me on the sofa. How pretty she looked, in her simple white frock, with a wide sash round her waist. I seldom notice women's dress, but there was a refinement about Violet's that drew my attention.

I was thinking how my pearls would look on her fair white neck on the morrow, which would be Christmas Day. Sir George glanced round to discover what had become of Violet, and seeing her beside me, instantly went and attached himself to the younger Miss Pringle.

"You did not tell me how you managed to get here, Uncle Rupert."

"I had the good fortune, my dear, to fall in with a most gallant young fellow. He traveled with me to Reading; and, on finding the fix I was in, brought me over here in his own carriage."

"How interesting," said Violet. "I wonder who he was?"

"An officer, I should say. Tall, dark, and handsome. Just the man—if I were a young lady—that I should fall in love with."

Violet had turned rosy-red. "But do you not know his name? Surely he must have told you?"

"Let me see," I said reflectively, "his name was—Car—Car—I think it commenced so."

Violet turned pale as death, and with a great effort spoke, "Carlyon?"

"Yes, that was it. But you must come and show me the picture we were speaking of at dinner. Is it in the library?" I asked, as her father approached.

"No," he said, "it is in the gallery. Vi, show your uncle the portrait, and then come and play to us. Sir George wishes for some music."

We went to the picture-gallery. "There it is," Violet said, indicating the said picture.

"Never mind the picture," I said. "I only wanted a little fresh air."

Violet looked gratefully at me. "Do you like him?" she asked.

"Who? Carlyon?"

"No," she said, blushing again; "I meant Sir George Cadger."

"My fair niece, I do not wish to be called upon to express my opinion upon Sir George. Carlyon, now, is a man after my own heart."

Here Violet laid her head on my shoulder, and burst into tears. I had much ado to quiet her. I tried scolding, with no avail. Then I fell to praising my young gentleman, and that at last had the desired effect.

She smiled through her tears, and then took me into her confidence. It seemed that she and Captain Angus Carlyon had fallen desperately in love with one another, that her father had forbidden him ever to think of his daughter, and had denied him the house.

In fact, Violet was never permitted to walk out alone. Indeed, she hated Sir George; but her father insisted on their engagement, as Cadger was a wealthy man, and Carlyon a poor one, with nothing to boast of but an ancient and honorable name. Violet clung to me as she told me all this, and what could I do but comfort her, and wish Cadger at the deuce?

So I told her to be brave, and not appear to care. When restored to a suitable frame of mind, we re-entered the drawing room, and Violet obediently took her harp, and played as her father wished. Later on the singers came round and were invited into the hall, and supplied with cake and wine. After which they sang a stout carol, and, when that was well over, we all went to bed.

I was awakened next morning by a burst of vocal melody under my window, accompanied by the piercing strains of an execrably handled violin.

I then remembered that it was Christmas Day. I wrapped up the velvet case in which the pearl necklace reposed, and writing "With Uncle Rupert's love" on the outside, placed it among the presents by Violet's plate on the breakfast-table.

I had the satisfaction of seeing her look delighted with it. She left her seat and came round to me, and gave me the most charming of thanks and kisses.

Sir George looked displeased, and elevated his yellow eye-brows, but no one noticed him. As for Noel and Grace, they seemed almost as pleased as Violet.

True, it had cost me a small fortune, but I would willingly have given as much again to see the dear girl look so gratified. The Misses Pringle quite overwhelmed her with congratulations.

We all walked through the snow to church, Sir George Cadger escorting Violet, much to her dislike; but as her father approved of the arrangement she offered no resistance.

I saw him offer his arm, which she as promptly declined. I had to walk with Mrs. Benson, the widow. How merrily the bells rang across the snow!

After the service sundry doles and loaves of bread were given away to the poorer members of the congregation.

I saw Violet exchanging Christmas greetings with the old women, who blessed "her sweet face."

"I can't think," Sir George Cadger said aside to me, "now Violet can stop talking to a parcel of old paupers. It wouldn't do if she were Lady Cadger, I can tell her."

"A fortunate thing, then, for her, that she is not elevated to that dignity," I replied, with some warmth.

He looked at me, in doubt as to my meaning, then sneaked off, and joined Alice Pringle, so that I had the pleasure of walking home with Violet, Colonel Fenwick kindly offering his arm to the widow.

And so Christmas Day passed amid much festivity and rejoicing. It snowed heavily all night and during the next day, Thursday, so that we were all kept close prisoners. A thaw set in, however, and the sun shone out gloriously on the Friday.

My brother's guests were all to remain at Heronscourt over New Year's Eve, when Grace purposed giving a dance to welcome in the coming year. Great preparations were being made for it, and as I could not be of any use I asked Violet to drive me out in the pony-chaise.

I thought the fresh air, too, might do her good. Sir George Cadger got wind of our intention and insisted on accompanying us, saying, that he should drive, as he did not approve of Violet doing so. In fact we should be much safer with him. Violet looked at me in despair; her father said he was glad that Cadger had thought of it; and so we had to submit.

We had proceeded about a mile and a half on the road to Holwell (where Squire Carlyon resided at The Moat) when Cadger wished to turn up a narrow lane that led to Stockton, a remote and uninteresting village. I wished to catch a glimpse of Carlyon's place, and said I preferred keeping on to Holwell.

"Ah," said Cadger, with a sneer, "that's where that miserable fellow Carlyon lives, isn't it?"

"Sir George Cadger," I replied, sternly, "Captain Carlyon is a friend of mine, and I will not permit you to apply such an epithet to his name in my presence. If you wish to repeat it I will give you an opportunity of doing so elsewhere."

Had Violet not been with us I should have felt inclined to pitch him out into the snow. He turned white and muttered something between his teeth, at the same time giving the pony a couple of savage cuts with the whip, an indignity which this particular pony had never before undergone. The consequence was that he bolted, the chaise swaying from side to side.

"Violet," gasped Sir George, "I shall be killed," and he flung the reins on to her lap. Then rising, he suddenly leapt out into the snow. We had no time to see what became of him, for we dashed on at a furious pace. Violet had taken the reins, and held them firmly.

"Do not move," she said to me, in a steady and collected tone of voice; "our best chance is in sitting still."

We had now turned a bend in the road, and were passing the high ivy-covered palings that enclosed a park, when three yards ahead of us a man jumped the fence and suddenly seized the pony by the head. The animal pranced in vain, for our deliverer held him as in a vice. In a few moments the pony was pacified and turned to the bank for a mouthful of grass.

Violet and I got out of the carriage. I warmly grasped the hand of Captain Carlyon, for it was he, and then turned to chide our refractory steed. I pretended not to see what was going on, for Carlyon had turned to Violet and was kissing her. In a few minutes I faced about again, and gave Carlyon an account of the way in which our adventure had been brought about, of course omitting the unfortunate mention of his name.

"Violet behaved bravely," I said, as I patted her cheek. "She is just the girl for a soldier's wife."

"I am quite of your opinion, Mr. Dormer," Carlyon replied demurely. Violet blushed furiously, and I saw tears fill her eyes, so I hastened to give a turn to the conversation. We stood talking for full ten minutes longer.

"Now, captain," I said at last, "if you would not mind driving us back as far as the corner of my brother's park-wall, I shall feel extremely obliged to you, for I think the animal is marked dangerous."

"With the greatest pleasure," Carlyon promptly replied. I saw him look at Violet, and she smiled in return. I insisted on her sitting beside him, and off we went towards home, the pony behaving like a lamb. Carlyon drove slowly, in fact, permitted the animal to walk. I think they were too happy to talk, and so we jogged on in silence. Nothing was to be seen of Cadger; and when we reached the park-wall, and the captain got out, I said:

"Shall you be at home to-morrow afternoon, Captain Carlyon, for I think of walking over to see you, and paying my respects to your good father?"

He replied that he should be only too pleased to see me, and that his father, he knew, would be the same. Then we bade each other good-bye, and Violet and I drove on.

"I wish you had married, Uncle Rupert," she said presently, "you would have made such a nice papa."

"I thought of doing so once, my dear, but my sweet girl died, and I never saw another whom I could like as well."

Violet lifted my hand and kissed it. "Poor uncle," was all she said; but there was a world of affection and sympathy in her voice.

When we entered the house we found everything in confusion. Sir George Cadger had been brought home in a neighbor's cart with a sprained ankle. He said he had been thrown out of the pony-carriage! Noel was about to set off in search of us, and Grace was wild with apprehension. How relieved they were at our appearance. Cadger had been removed to his room, and the groom sent off on horseback for the doctor.

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Next morning, after breakfast, I requested Noel to spare me a few minutes of his time in the library.

"Now, Noel," I said, as soon as he had shut the door, "we came near having a very ugly accident yesterday afternoon. Violet might have been seriously injured."

"Yes," he replied gravely, "I am only too thankful, I assure you, Rupert, that you escaped as you did. But Cadger, the doctor says, will be confined to his room for a week to come."

"So much the better," I growled.

"You don't like him, Rupert?"

"No, I do not. I consider him a very unfit suitor for Violet."

"That is my affair," retorted Noel, having angrily up and down the room. "He is a rich man, and I am a poor one, and cannot portion my daughter as I would."

"Noel," I replied, "I have been at some trouble in inquiring into Cadger's pecuniary position, and I find his estate is heavily mortgaged, and that my gentleman has contracted some tolerably heavy gambling debts."

"The deuce he has!" exclaimed Noel, stopping short in his walk. "How do you know this?"

"I happen to be acquainted with a man who is intimate with him. I had heard all about him before I came here; and I assure you my information is reliable."

"Why did you not tell me this long before?"

"My dear Noel, how could I possibly tell that Cadger was the man you had in view for Violet?"

Noel groaned, and I continued: "Now I want you to listen quietly to what I have to say. You know that when I adopted Frank, our poor sister Rachel's son, and brought him up to my business in the city, that it was only natural that I should do something for him?"

Noel assented, and I went on: "He has not turned out well; wild, in fact, and has disappointed me grievously. I am a rich man, as you know, and have decided to leave the bulk of my money elsewhere. Now, if Violet is allowed to marry the man that I should wish——"

"Carlyon, I suppose?" Noel interrupted, growing angry again.

"You have it. Carlyon I mean; a gentleman, and a man of honor."

"As poor as a church mouse!"

"That is what I am coming to. If Violet does not marry Captain Carlyon, I shall leave the greater part of my property to him."

Noel grew quite red in the face. "And if she does marry him?" he asked.

"In that case," I replied, "I shall settle five hundred a year upon her at once, and sixty thousand to come to her at my death. What more I will not promise."

Noel stared at me in utter astonishment.

"Do you mean it?" he said at last.

"Every word of it," I replied slowly; "but only if she marries Carlyon."

Noel paced the room in silence for full five minutes longer; then turned and held out his hand to me.

"I give in. Indeed I should be a brute to hold out after so generous an offer. She shall marry Carlyon, if he will have her now. And you shall arrange it your own way."

We shook hands, and soon afterwards our interview ended. Violet was not to be told at present; and there was Cadger to settle with.

That afternoon Noel's groom drove me over to the Moat, a fine old mansion built in the reign of Elizabeth, and surrounded by woods, leafless now; but I could see how beautiful the place must be in summer.

I received a hearty welcome from Squire Carlyon, a fine old gentleman of about my own age. The captain also seemed pleased to see me.

I could see that father and son were deeply attached to each other; the former regarding the latter with evident pride. I was the bearer of a long epistle from Noel to the captain, who, asking our indulgence, took it into the window recess to read.

I heard him give a quick exclamation of pleasure, while his father cast sundry glances of anxiety in his direction from time to time. When he had read it twice through he asked the squire to read it also.

"I have no secrets from my father," he said to me with a smile.

The letter was a handsome one for Noel; and though injury had been done them, Squire Carlyon and his son both possessed generous hearts, and readily forgave where they saw no true condition for an offence. Nay, they went further in this case; they resolved to forget also.

There was an invitation enclosed, from Noel and Grace to the captain, to go to Heronscourt for the dance on New Year's Eve, and they would be pleased, they said, if he would lead the opening minuet with Violet.

Tuesday evening arrived; the preparations were all completed for the reception of the guests invited. Violet looked lovely in a low-necked white satin gown, with sandalled shoes to match. My pearls were round her neck, and they were the only ornament she would wear.

She looked happier too owing, no doubt, to the absence of Sir George Cadger, who had mysteriously driven off that morning, without a word of explanation to any one.

According to appointment Angus Carlyon came early, and had a most satisfactory interview with Noel in the library. Then my brother went off to the drawing-room, which had been cleared for dancing, and I called Violet to me in the hall.

"Would you mind, my dear," I said, fetching my snuff box from the library table. "I am not so active as I used to be."

She ran off, and opened the library door. I heard her stop suddenly, and cry, "Angus!" then the door was shut, and I went off chuckling over the success of my manœuvre.

Half-an-hour afterwards they entered the drawing-room, she on his arm, and both radiant.

There was a lovely color in her cheeks as she went straight up to her father and kissed him; then she came to me and fairly hugged me.

What might have happened next I don't know, but the entrance of guests prevented any further demonstration of happiness.

Of one thing I am sure, and that is, that Angus and Violet danced far too often together that night.

Just at twelve o'clock there was a cessation of our festivities. The hall-door was opened to let the new year in, and the next instant the church bells pealed out their joyous welcome.

I saw Violet and Angus Carlyon standing hand in hand, looking out over the moonlit park, and heard him whisper as he bent over her, "The new year, indeed, brings happiness to us, my darling."

The March Winds.

BY F. P. A.

As I write this, March is here again. I love this wild, blustering weather. It is delicious to hear the wind roaring and shrieking round the house; rattling all the doors and windows, whistling down the chimneys, and then moaning away in the distance, with a last faint sigh that suggests volumes of subdued, sweet thoughts, and fills the soul with inexpressible yearnings.

This afternoon, as I sit by the fire listening to the storm of wind and rain, it brings freshly to my mind a March memory of long ago, to which I ever look back with thankfulness, and calm, indescribable joy.

To make the story plain, I must go still further back, to the eve of my eighteenth birthday. It was a cold, wet day towards the end of November, one of those gloomy, cheerless days for which the month is proverbial, when in the gathering darkness I stood by our little parlor window to watch for Paul Day.

So painfully anxious was my watch, that my heart beat almost audibly; but by a great effort I controlled myself to outward calmness, that I might not add to his grief by any demonstration of my own, for he was then coming to bid me farewell; on the morrow he would be on his way to a far-distant land.

It was the old story. Paul and I loved each other, and were engaged without the consent of our friends. When Paul spoke to my father on the subject, he refused to sanction that relation between us, and sternly bade him never again to mention such a thing, as he had different views for his daughter's future.

"But Margaret loves me, sir," pleaded Paul; "she understands my circumstances, and would be content to share my humble home until my energy and perseverance gain a better one."

"Very fine sentiment, doubtless," said my father; "but I happen to be one of the sceptics about 'love in a cottage,' and all that sort of thing. Margaret thinks like every young, inexperienced girl. In a few years she will be wiser, and more capable of judging on such matters; meantime, I certainly shall not allow her inexperience to lead her into any folly; and, if you take my advice, Paul Day, you will give up all idea of marriage until your circumstances are different, and your position and future prospects better justify such a proposal as that you have now made."

Paul's face flushed proudly as he replied —"So shall it be, sir. I will not again speak to you on this matter until I have a home and position worthy of Margaret. All that is possible for mortal I will do to gain this object; and if human strength and will are of any avail, the day shall surely come when you will freely give your consent to this dearest hope of my life."

The next day Paul came and told me his plans. He would leave home and country; and in a far-off land, where honest toil was better appreciated, or better recompensed, he would endeavor to gain wealth for my sake.

The separation would be sad, but not very long, he hoped, for he would struggle hard, and, by some means, win the smiles of Dame Fortune. Then he would return, and proudly claim me as his bride. He did not once question if I would be faithful during his absence. He measured my heart by his own deep, earnest love, and was satisfied.

So, on that cheerless November afternoon, he came to bid me farewell. I pass lightly over that time, for even now I can scarcely bear to think of it. Hour after hour passed unheeded as we sat with clasped hands, dreading to speak those last words. Paul had to be on board that night, but not till the latest possible moment did he rise to go.

"You will write constantly, darling," he said. "Your letters will be all I shall have of comfort out there; and as I go away a little time for your sake, Maggie, I shall expect that you will for my sake be brave, and cheerful, and hopeful. Your love will be the one great joy of my life, my talisman midst all danger and temptations.

"Let us love as much as possible, forget this parting, and during the time of our separation (which Heaven grant may not be long), let us live in the prospect of reunion. That hope will be my daily inspiration, Maggie; it will nerve my arm and strengthen my heart, and form part of my life and being. God bless you, my darling, and keep you in health and safety till I return!"

For another moment he held me close to his heart, gave me another affectionate kiss, and was gone before I had voice to say a word. Ere the next day's dawn he was miles away.

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When Paul had been away two years my father died. It was a sad blow, particularly as my mother was in delicate health, and we were left quite unprovided for.

Everything depended upon me, and I trembled at a responsibility to which I felt inadequate. But I saw the necessity of immediate action, and resolved on my mother's account to do something which would prevent my leaving home. I had recourse to teaching, and it answered tolerably.

In a few months I had about twenty little girls to instruct in the usual branches of a plain English education, with the rudiments of music and French.

I was naturally fond of children, but often found teaching dull, monotonous work,—plenty of toil, with but little recompense, and but a scanty amount of satisfaction.

My dear mother, too, sadly felt the change in our circumstances, and I was very anxious about her health. Still, I struggled bravely on, in the hope of brighter days coming. I endeavored to

act for the best, and left results to a higher, wiser Power.

A great source of consolation and comfort were Paul's constant long letters—so full of affection, and sympathy, and hope. At last in the Spring succeeding my father's death, I had one announcing his anticipated return.

"I have not done so well as I had hoped," he wrote; "but have lately speculated to the extent of my means, and have been tolerably successful in that way. I have now embarked all in a new speculation, by which, if fortune favors me, I shall gain the object for which I came out. It is, as you may suppose, a great risk, and I am duly anxious about it; I find it desirable to go up the country to watch results, and to attend to some other business I have on hand. The only drawback to this arrangement is, that it will hitherto interrupt our regular correspondence. Much as I shall miss your precious written words, Maggie, I think that it is best that you now cease writing, as probably your letters would never reach me, my future movements being so uncertain. And you must not, love, feel anxious or unhappy, if I am prevented writing as usual; possibly I may have no means of sending letters from where I am now going. But if this business turns out successful I shall soon be with you, dear Maggie. You may expect me by the fall of the first autumn leaves.

How glad I was of this news. I counted the days almost the hours, to the time he named. "Only a few months," I thought; "then he will be here. My kind, noble Paul."

Alas! what short sighted mortals we are. We build air castles, forgetting how slight a breath may destroy them; we stretch out for ourselves a brilliant future, forgetting that shadows may drift across our path, and change to bitter disappointment our sunny visions of joy.

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September had come. Then I daily looked for Paul; but he came not. As the days and weeks sped on, bringing me no tidings of him, my heart sickened with hope deferred, and I was seriously ill, so ill, that the least exertion was agony to me, and life seemed only endurable when I could shut out all sight and sound, and remain in undisturbed solitude.

It was a low, nervous fever, the doctor said, brought out by over-anxiety. I must have rest and change; with that he hoped soon to cure me.

Dr. Marsh had known us in better days, and was one of our few remaining friends. He was a merry, hearty bachelor, about forty. He could not be called handsome, but a whole fund of goodness lay beneath a somewhat rough exterior.

His good-natured face and hearty laugh gained the good will of all with whom he came in contact; and he possessed that undefinable, magnetic attraction which is sure to gain friends, and keep them. He lived in a large red brick house, nestled among tall, sheltering trees.

From the outside view you would have thought it was rambling and old fashioned; but directly you passed the threshold, and peeped into the cosy, well-furnished parlors, that idea would be dispelled. With his pleasant, luxurious home, and comfortable income, it was a wonder to many that the doctor never married. Had he felt so disposed, I do not think he would have found much difficulty in gaining a wife.

If rumor was correct, there were many who coveted that position; but he never seemed to entertain the idea of matrimony.

He confessed to being very fond of ladies' society, and his politeness and hospitality to them were unbounded; but he was never known to pay marked attention in any particular quarter, so, as the time passed on, he was looked upon by all as a confirmed old bachelor.

A kind, true hearted friend the doctor proved to us. From the time of my father's death he was our self-constituted guardian. He adjusted all our little difficulties, and helped us in every possible way.

I cannot think what we should have done without him. During my illness he was inestimable. Every day he paid me a professional visit, and every evening his servant appeared with some little delicacy, in the shape of a chicken, or jelly, or some such dainties as are specially recommended to invalids.

He insisted that I must give up school for a time, laughingly telling me he would not attempt to make me well unless I implicitly obeyed him in all things.

Fortunately it was near the Christmas holidays, which made such an arrangement more practicable; so I announced six weeks' vacation, truly thankful for the prospect of rest and quietude.

Then the doctor ordered me to get in readiness to remove to his house on the next day, saying, he meant to have my mother and me there for a few weeks, whether we would or no.

Expostulation was quite in vain; he over-ruled every objection. My mother was easily silenced by an assurance that the change was absolutely necessary to my health.

"You are very ungrateful to hesitate about doing me this little favor, Margaret," he said to me; "and I assure you it would put me to serious inconvenience if you refused; for I have reckoned on having your mother to superintend arrangements for my Christmas parties; and you—well, you set to work and get strong as fast as you can, then we'll find employment for you, too."

Very pleasant were those few weeks spent at the doctor's house; pleasant in spite of my weakness, and the dull pain at my heart. It was delicious to lie on those luxurious couches, watching my mother move about the room, or listening to their subdued voices, as she and Dr. Marsh talked over the daily news.

I can give no idea of his kindness to me; one half of it could never be spoken. By turns he talked to me, read to me, or made me talk to him. He seemed intuitively to know what would suit me best at the right moment; and somehow I always felt better after those conversations; they had a refreshing strengthening effect on me, for which my heart thanked him as my tongue never could have done.

As I grew stronger, the doctor took me daily walks or drives. Then came the parties, in which I was made to take an active part. Very hard work I found it, to appear gay, with such a weight of sorrow pressing on my heart; but, for the sake of those who loved me, and whom I loved so dearly, I exerted myself to the utmost. So the time passed until the end of January.

It was a clear, frosty afternoon, the last day of our stay with Dr. Marsh. He had been away since early morning, and my mother had gone home to prepare for our return. Seated in an easy chair before the glowing fire, I was enjoying alone, and for the last time, the delicious quiet and comfort of that pleasant dining room.

In a few days my school duties would commence again, and very much I shrank from the renewal of toil and weariness. I was a great coward just then, for I believe the comfort of the last few weeks had spoiled me; I felt unable to rise up and face my trouble; I could not be cheerful and hopeful.

That afternoon, depression mastered me. In my weakness I buried my face in the cushions, and wept long and bitterly. I was glad it was nearly dark when the doctor came in, that he might discover no trace of my grief; yet I fancied he partly guessed the truth, he was so unusually gentle.

He came and sat down beside me in the firelight, and talked long and earnestly, until I was able to look beyond the mist and clouds of earth to the one eternal light that knows no shadow nor change.

After a time I made an attempt to thank the doctor for all his kindness. I assured him how much pleasure the visit had given me and my mother, how much good it had done me, and how unspeakably grateful we were to him.

"If I could only do something for you in return, Dr. Marsh," I said, "but I never can."

"You can, Margaret, if you will," he said, still pressing my hand, and looking into the fire.

"How, doctor? What is it that I can do for you?" I asked.

"Stay here, little one," he replied, turning his face full upon me.

I looked the astonishment I could not speak. He regarded me steadily for a few moments, and then said, "I love you, Margaret; and although I am some years older than you, I think I could make you happy, at least I will try if you will let me. If you believe this, Maggie—if you can endure to live with me in this home—I ask you to stay as its mistress, to be my wife. Do I ask too much?"

I hid my face in my hands to keep back the tears that were so ready to come. Dr. Marsh had known Paul ere he left England, but from what he had just said I was sure in ignorance of the particulars of our engagement.

When I raised my head he was standing on the hearthrug, looking down on me very gravely. My mind was made up on the instant. I went and stood beside him, and putting my hands in his, frankly told him all. When I had finished there were tears in other eyes than mine.

"I knew nothing of this, dear Margaret," he said. "I thought your engagement to Paul Day had been broken off some time ago, or, believe me, the words I spoke just now should never have passed my lips. Forgive me for causing you this pain, and let me still be your friend. I shall now consider it my right to take care of you until Paul comes home."

Then, bending down, the doctor kissed me as tenderly as my own father might have done.

* * * * * *

My mother and I settled down to the old way again; the even routine of our life only varied by an occasional day spent with Dr. Marsh, or his evening visits to us. If not quite happy, I had at least grown calmer; intense anxiety had given place to a quiet earnest hope.

Although Paul's protracted absence and long silence sadly perplexed me, yet of the sincerity of his affection, of his constancy, I never entertained the slightest doubt. If he was living, I felt sure I should one day see him again; could I but have been assured of his safety I should have been satisfied.

* * * * * *

The day was wild and stormy, even for March; the wind shrieked and roared furiously round the house, and the rain came in fitful gusts between the pauses. I stood at the school room window after the children were gone, watching the drifting clouds, and listening to the wild music of the wind.

It was to me a most enjoyable time, and I soon forgot all exterior things, and relapsed into one of my old reveries. When it grew darker I sat by the fire, and must have fallen asleep, for I was quite startled when the school door hastily opened, and the doctor's voice said, "Are you there, Margaret?"

"Yes, I am here, Dr. Marsh," I replied, and I stirred the fire into a blaze that he might see me.

"Then come out of your corner, little demoiselle," he said, "I have a friend with me whom I wish you to entertain a little time, while I talk to your mother."

I rose up quickly, and stepped forward to shake hands, when the flickering firelight revealed a stranger standing but a step behind the doctor.

Surely I knew that form! Was I dreaming? Could it be possible? I did not scream, nor faint; but I stood motionless, breathless, every power of movement for the moment suspended, every nerve strung up in the most intense agony.

The next instant the stranger's arms were around me; I was pressed to his heart after the old tender fashion, and I knew it was Paul.

Explanations were soon made. Success had been long in coming; but Paul had determined not to write until he had good news to impart; at last fortune favored him.

Then he came by the first ship that sailed, leaving a letter to go by the regular mail steamer, which he expected would a few weeks precede his arrival. The mail had been delayed by a slight accident, so Paul arrived before his letter.

"The March winds had accelerated the progress of the ship," he said, and brought him to me sooner than he had expected.

Amidst the smiles and tears of April weather Paul and I repeated the mystic words which bound our lives together. I reminded him of it being proverbially an "unlucky month," but he told me he was willing to brave the consequences, rather than wait any longer.

And though years have passed since then, our experience can testify that April vows and April deeds are not always foolish, but may sometimes result in life-long happiness.

Two years after our marriage a cousin of Paul's came to visit us. She was not very young, nor very beautiful, but we soon learned to love her very dearly.

She was a bright-eyed, merry girl, full of fun and innocent mischief, but with a kind, noble heart, full of love and generous sympathies.

She stayed with us all that summer and then she left us as the bride of Dr. Marsh.

Our homes are a long way apart, but every year we meet in the old house, when we talk over old times; and the doctor never fails to remind me of "What the March winds brought me."

The only quicksilver mine of importance in this country are located in southern California.

At Home and Abroad.

"Living pictures" cannot be called a modern invention, since it is claimed that they were first employed by Madame de Genlis for the purpose of educating the Duc d'Orleans' children, whose governess she was. With the help of several famous artists she arranged pictures of historical scenes, which ladies of the French Court posed for.

A famous restaurant in Vienna possesses a remarkable tablecloth, on which are inscribed the signatures of the majority of the reigning sovereigns of Europe, the members of the House of Hapsburg, and of the majority of the celebrities in art, music, and letters. The names were written on the cloth in pencil, the proprietress of the establishment afterwards carefully embroidering them.

As yet there is only one professional woman diver. She is now thirty-eight years of age, and for the past ten years has been engaged in diving for sponge off the coast of Florida. Her husband is named Pedro Gomez, and comes from a large family of sponge divers. He was taught scientific diving by an Englishman in Madeira, and going to Central America, met the woman who is now his wife. After their marriage she took to diving with the greatest zest, and now performs the most hazardous and dangerous parts of the work. She carries less armor than her husband, and has invented a helmet with a system of air-pipes, the secret of which is alone known to herself and her husband. With this helmet on she can wander about a sunken wreck without the least fear of the air communication with the upper world ceasing, and boasts proudly of having made a thousand descents into the depths of the sea.

A most novel law suit was recently heard in Paris, raising a question which has probably never before been brought into a court of law. An advertisement agent had the whole of the front of the house in which his office was situated, painted a brilliant red. Immediately opposite on the other side of the street were the shops of a milliner, a silk merchant and a jeweler, who one and all declared that the reflection of the bright red in their windows made it impossible for their customers to distinguish the proper color of the material or stones they were buying. They therefore invoked the aid of the law to compel the advertisement agent to change the color of the paint; he on his side contended that he could employ any color he chose, and the court found the case so difficult to decide that it deferred its judgment indefinitely, which means that probably no verdict will ever be given. In these days when so much gaudy color is used in advertisement, it would be really an interesting point in optics to know whether their reflection is sufficient to affect the appearance of other colors.

That humanity can bear anything to which it is accustomed in early life is proved by the selection of sleeping places for their children by the native women living in the slopes of the Himalaya mountains. They are obliged to work in the fields for the greater part of the day, and have lighted upon this extraordinary expedient for keeping their children quiet whilst they are away from home. Before going to work in the morning they swaddle their infants completely with bandages, leaving only the face exposed. Then they place them under a ledge of rock from which water is dripping. By means of a bamboo rod a tiny stream of water is made to fall on the baby's forehead. The dripping of the water seems to have a lulling effect upon the children, for they drop asleep almost immediately, and remain motionless until the mothers return. Then they are unwrapped, dried, and fed. The natives declare this system to be most beneficial to the child's health, and, oddly enough, very few of them succumb to the treatment, growing up, for the most part, into strong, healthy men and women.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

THE BLUE-CHINA DOG.

BY SHIELA.

"HE is the very ugliest dog I ever saw. Why do you keep him, Claire, when you have such heaps of pretty things? Look at his staring eyes! If he were my dog, I should call him Goggler."

The blue china bulldog that stood on the cabinet understood every word of this unkind speech.

He knew he was ugly, but, still, it hurts to be told so in plain, unvarnished language. It is so much easier to bear things that are not spoken.

His mistress laughed and pretended to pat his blue-china back.

"He belongs to a period—before our time, Amy—when people went crazy over ugly bits of china. I dare say poor old Goggler was quite fashionable once, and had his admirers. You must not despise him: bulldogs are said to be very faithful creatures, and this one is true blue, you see."

With that she dusted him with her pocket-handkerchief. It tickled, but Goggler knew it was kindly meant, and bore it with firmness. Indeed, at that moment his gratitude was such that he could have died for his young mistress.

"Now, that little figure is really exquisite," said Amy, pointing to a blue and white china maiden, with a wide brimmed hat, holding a basket of flowers.

"That is a little Dutch girl; she came from Delft. I value her very much because she was a present," said Claire; "but I'm fond of my old blue dog too," she added smiling.

When the two had gone away, Goggler began to reflect.

Once—how long ago he had forgotten—there stood on the writing table a little witch woman in a long cloak and a tall hat, and she seemed to be riding a broomstick.

As a matter of fact, the witch woman was a pen wiper—but this, too, Goggler had forgotten, for it was some time since she had flown, perhaps on her thoroughbred broomstick, into the dust bin.

They had several conversations together, and one thing that the witch woman told him Goggler suddenly recollected.

"In every day," she said, "there is a certain magic minute when, if you wish for anything, your wish will certainly come true. But nobody knows when the exact minute is, and 'tis a wonderful piece of luck if you light upon it."

The blue dog turned this over carefully in his mind.

"If I could only hit upon the right minute," he thought, "I might repay my dear little mistress for her kindness. The difficulty is that one does not know whether it comes in the day or in the night."

All the same, Goggler set about wishing, and kept on valiantly for three days, sleeping as little as he could. At the end of this time he was as tired as if he had trotted forty miles

"I have spoken to you so often, but you won't answer," sighed a gentle voice, and the blue dog gave a start.

It was the little Dutch maiden who spoke. She looked extremely pretty, but rather fragile, and it struck Goggler that she was worried about something.

"I am sure I beg your pardon," said he; "I am very absent-minded. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I should like to ask your advice," said the Dutch figure anxiously. "You know the Chinaman who stands on a pedestal behind me? Well, he says he is tired of being stuck up there, and that he wants to get down, and go out in the world.

"If I will move a little to the right, he thinks he can climb down without breaking himself, but then I am afraid of moving to the right. I am dreadfully near the edge as it is."

"Don't you move a step!" cried the blue dog warmly; "the Chinaman is a bully; I know him of old. Let him stay where he is—the world doesn't want him."

The Chinaman's eyes rolled with rage.

"My cap and pigtail!" he cried, "but it will be the worse for the young woman if she doesn't get out of my way."

Goggler showed his teeth in such an unmistakable manner that the Chinaman said no more.

"Don't be frightened," went on the blue dog to the Dutch maiden; "bullies are always cowards. I am glad you spoke to me; our mistress prizes you very highly, and no wonder, for you are so pretty."

At which the little blue and white lady blushed with pleasure.

Goggler set to work again wishing, and sighed to think that the lucky minute might have passed while he was talking.

It was a great effort to keep his mind continually upon this one point, but he was a dog of immense determination, and, as his owner had said laughing, true blue.

"The Chinaman says he will come down in spite of us all," whispered the Dutch maiden more than once, but her words fell upon deaf ears.

Goggler was too much taken up with his own thoughts, and the flower-girl, being a timid little thing, did not like to be troublesome.

So she smothered her fears as well as she could, and tried not to shake when she heard the Chinaman growling behind her.

"I was happier in dear old Delft," she sighed; "we were all Dutch there, and nobody got into a temper or wanted to go out and see the world. And the country was so delightfully flat—you never saw one of those dreadful, dangerous hills there."

The blue dog was beginning to despair; he had wished several thousand wishes, but he felt quite certain that not once had he come upon the magic minute. He was convinced in his china heart that had he done so, something would have told him.

"I wonder if that witch woman was making fun of me?" he thought.

One evening Goggler fell asleep at his post; at least, he was dozing. All at once a cry of terror arose. It came from the Dutch girl.

"Help! help! I am falling!" she shrieked, and the blue dog saw that the discontented Chinaman had been as good, or as bad, as his word.

He had come lumbering down from his pedestal and tumbled up against the flower girl. It all happened like a flash of lightning.

Goggler saw his little friend rolling helplessly towards the edge of the cabinet; in another moment she would be over. He remembered how their mistress prized the blue and white maiden and cried heroically—

"Oh, that I could perish instead of her!"

The next moment there were two distinct crashes, and the Dutch girl, who had just stopped rolling, on the very edge of the abyss, shivered and shook until the housemaid opened the shutters.

Then the Chinaman was discovered lying on his face on the hearthrug, perfectly unhurt, even to his nose.

But the blue dog was beyond the aid of the most skilful mender: he had struck against the fender, and was smashed into what Eliza, the housemaid, called "smithereens." He had hit upon the magic moment, and his wish had been granted.

Poor old Goggler! If his mistress had only known, she would have said: "He was true blue to the end!"

THAT HORRID SPIDER.

BY Q. S.

"THAT was what other people called her! To me she was a very interesting pet, and her adventures during the time I kept her were romantic—for a spider.

When she was first brought to me she had been getting into hot water, literally, and had nearly been boiled. I suppose she had been wandering about all night, and towards morning had crept into the hot water tap, thinking she had found a very nice hiding place; but when the water was turned on she got washed out and was brought to me all limp and draggled, and seemingly dead.

I was writing at the time, and when I saw what a big spider it was—an exceptionally large specimen of our largest kind of spider—I laid her on her back on a corner of my blotting paper, and continued my writing.

Imagine, then, my surprise when, on looking up from my work a few minutes later, I saw that the blotting paper had dried her completely, and that she was standing up, with her long, hairy legs and velvety body displayed to the best advantage.

I had been wanting to examine a large spider, so I got a glass and secured her underneath it at once; and as I could not then make further arrangements for her comfort I left her to spend a very uncomfortable night on the mantelpiece; and before I give you more of her history I think I had better give you her description.

Now, I wonder how many of my readers know what a spider is, and how it differs from an insect? I am afraid most of them would call it "a horrid thing" and get no further. But if we compare a spider and an insect—say a fly or a wasp—what shall we find are the main points of difference between them?

Firstly, of course, the spider has no wings; secondly, the spider has eight legs, and a fly and wasp have only six each; thirdly, the fly and wasp, as you have doubtless observed, are divided into three parts each—head, body, and tail, but the spider is only divided into two—head and body, which consist of one part, without any neck to divide them—and tail; fourthly, the fly, and indeed most insects, has two large eyes, and the spider eight small ones; fifthly, the spider spins a web and the fly does not. So, you see, there are five very important differences between a spider and an insect.

On examination I found that my spider was a large Tegenaria, a kind which generally frequents outhouses, cellars, and lofts; she was of a dark brown color, her body rather yellowish, with dark markings, and long, hairy legs which measured nearly three inches across.

Under her head—which, by the way, bore eight eyes—were a pair of big jaws, armed with poison fangs; and when she was stirred up she used to open them so threatening that I took good care never to trust my fingers within their reach.

One of her legs was missing, but she did not seem to feel the loss of it much, and no doubt if I had kept her long enough it would have grown again, for spiders also differ from insects in reproducing injured limbs.

Well, on the next morning I prepared a better home for my pet than the glass under which it had hitherto been kept. I got a shallow wooden box with a glass lid, and into this I turned my spider, after making a paper den in one corner, of which she immediately took possession.

During the next few days she busied herself with spinning a large web over more than half the floor of her box, and then she lined her den itself with silk.

In this box she lived for upwards of a year, and though I cannot say that she got very tame, certainly did not seem to be unhappy.

Unfortunately she was only active at night, and spent the whole day in the deepest recesses of her den, and only towards evening did she come to her door to keep watch upon her net.

I have kept several of these spiders at different times, but this one was the shyest and the least able to stand the light.

So shy was she that during the whole time I had her I never saw her eat. She always had late dinner.

For food I gave her several kind of insects, but principally cockroaches and blackbeetles; and she rarely took more than twenty four hours in eating even the biggest.

Here I think I may say that I do not believe the victims suffered much, for spiders do not suck the blood of their prey; they kill them and then eat them.

The killing is done with the poison fangs I have described above, and the poison is known to numb the victim and deaden its power of feeling.

When once the insect is dead it is immediately devoured, so that when I put a cockroach into my spider's box I did not expect to see more than a few scattered legs and scales next morning—and these, by the way, were always thrown off the web, for she was nothing if not tidy.

She was even a cannibal in a small way, for when a spider which lived in another compartment of the box managed to get into hers, just to call on the lady next door, she received him a little too cordially—she ate him for dinner. That is the worst of keeping spiders: if two get together they always fight.

And now I must begin a bad ending, for of course every pet-story ought to end with a pathetic death scene; but for all I know my spider may be alive now.

I went away from home for a time, and while I was away I heard that my spider was not looking well; and so, as I did not want her to die in prison, I sent back an order for her release.

Accordingly she was placed in a shady corner of the garden, and she soon felt well enough to make off. I never saw her again, but I daresay she spun another web in some secluded spot and lived for many a happy day on the spoils of the chase.

Economy, fidelity, strength of purpose, a sense of justice and honor, and loyalty to conscience, evidence in themselves painstaking, accurate, and generally superior labor; on the other hand, idle, ease-loving, self indulgent habits, loose notions of right, selfishness, faithlessness, and meanness may be traced in much of the unprofitable and inferior work of the world.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Every ten thousandth person lives to be 100 years old.

The average weight of the egg of an ostrich is three pounds.

There is only one sudden death among women to eight among men.

Handshaking came into vogue during the reign of Henry II., in England.

Corea has a cold wind cave from which a wintry blast continually blows.

A race-horse galloping at full speed clears from twenty to twenty-four feet at a bound.

In Russia you must marry before eighty or not at all, and you may marry only five times.

In Russia the principals in a duel partake of breakfast together before going out to fight.

The bicycles used in the French army each have an electric light, which can be turned on or off at will.

In London alone the natural increase of the population, from excess of births over deaths, is about 4,000 a month.

It is said that on every voyage of a first-class ocean steamer, about 3 000 pieces of glassware and crockery are broken.

No tree has yet been measured which was taller than the great eucalyptus in Gippsland, Australia. This proved to be 450 feet high.

Out of 50,000 men who tried to enter the English army last year, 15,000 were rejected, chiefly on account of bad sight, bad teeth, or flat feet.

Governesses in families of the nobility seldom, if ever, dine with the heads of the establishment. They take their meals alone or with younger members.

Hair from the heads of criminals, paupers and dead people in China constitutes an article of export in that empire amounting to nearly £100,000 yearly.

A great elephant catcher is authority for the statement that but twenty-four white elephants have been caught since the commencement of the Christian era.

The daisy was the chosen flower of Marguerite of Anjou. On her coming to England all wore her badge, and her royal husband had it engraved on his plate.

The piles of Old London Bridge, which were driven in eight hundred years before, were found to be in good condition when the new bridge was erected in 1824.

Maids of honor may retain their posts in the royal household of England so long as they remain unmarried. There is no fixed age at which they are obliged to retire.

Roses do not secrete honey in their flowers. Insects are simply attracted by the perfume and rich colors, and by the abundant supply of pollen, which serves as food.

An electric bicycle-lamp has been invented. The electricity is generated by a series of brushes on the wheel hub, which rub against a platinum plate when the wheel revolves.

A recent report of the Zurich penitentiary shows that forty-eight of the male convicts were "disciplined" for talking, while none of the female inmates had to be punished for the same offence.

The trade in flowers from the Scilly Islands grows greater every year. During the past month or so, floral packages have been sent from the islands at the rate of 10,000 separate parcels a week.

The ostrich is believed to see objects behind him as well as those in front. Persons standing directly behind an ostrich can see the pupils of his eyes, and, of course, are thus easily seen by the animal.

A religious sect at Orissa, in the Bengal Presidency, worships Queen Victoria as their chief divinity. It has been discovered that she is also an object of worship in one of the temples at Toomloong, in Thibet.

In time of pestilence the Emperor of China obliges his subjects to witness theatrical performances during the day and displays of fireworks at night. His desire is that their minds may be distracted from the prevailing epidemic

Putting the feet into hot water will invariably cure a headache, from whatever cause it arises. The head aches when, from any cause, the blood vessels in the brain are too full. Putting the feet in hot water draws the blood from the head.

A sure cure for seasickness is said to consist in bromidization, which condition is effected by taking a thirty grain dose of bromide of sodium three time a day for two or three days before sailing, continuing the dosing for several days. It is asserted that this practice has no evil effect.

The increasing use of the bicycle is said to be directly responsible for the fact that within the past two months 100 cars have been laid off by a Chicago street railway company and 200 men have thus been thrown out of work. But, on the other hand, the increased demand for wheels has created an approximately greater demand for skilled artisans.

THE SNOW FLOWER.

BY W. W. L.

'Mid the frozen peaks of the Alps
A pale blue flower doth grow;
Loved by the winter's icy chill,
It lives in perpetual snow.

Village maids in mountain glens,
Call it "Life-in-Death;"
Old men call it "Sleep-no More,"
And kiss it with tender breath.

OF CURIOUS DRINKS.

The Hindoos make a highly esteemed beverage from the milky fluid contained in the climbing bindweed, one of the Asclepias. Their method is to carefully squeeze out the latex of the plant, and then induce a process of fermentation by allowing it to stand. This beverage is claimed as the original intoxicant of the human race, and the predecessor of the vine, so great an ancestry has it.

Under the name of Soma, hymns to its praise occupy a part of the sacred writings of the Brahmins, and there exalt it into a mighty god who can give new strength and vigor to his devotees, a claim resting on the exhilarating effect it produces on mankind. It is still regarded as sacred, and at a great annual festival, libations are poured out to Soma, whose boundless powers extend even to the granting of immortality. The ancient Persians also revered it as Haoma.

In certain parts of the world we bring the sap of trees into requisition as a satisfier of thirst. Thus Pulque, the favorite drink of the Mexicans, is the sap of the maguey or false aloe (agave). When the plant is on the point of flowering, and all its best energy is directed to flower production, the Mexican cuts and hollows out the flower-stalk, so that the sweet, sugary sap, on its way to feed the bud, is arrested and caught in the hollow. By standing it ferments slightly, and thus is formed a most agreeable beverage.

A somewhat different drink, known as Tepache, is made by mixing sugar and water with the maguey sap, and allowing the mixture to ferment for a few hours. Those natives of Mexico whose tastes demand something rather stronger and more pungent, allow the fermentation of the sap to go on for a longer time until it becomes acid and almost putrid.

The cider-tree of Tasmania derives its name from furnishing the bushmen with a drink similar to Pulque. Here again in the spring, as the sap rises, the trunk is tapped by incisions made in its bark, and a cool, refreshing liquor flows out of the wounds, which can either be drunk in a natural state, or, as is more usual, be set on one side to ferment into a pleasant beverage.

The sap of trees, flowing in a steady current from roots to leaves and flowers, and bearing with it the nourishment the plant has elaborated for its own consumption, has been recognized all the world over as a valuable drink, though perforce the trees or plants supplying the delicacy vary in different climates. Thus, in Kamchatka, where neither eucalyptus nor maguey could live, the natives have called into requisition the more sturdy birch. Its sap, which is procured, as in eucalyptus, by boring holes in the trunk, is converted, with the addition of hops and sugar, into beer, or by a little different process, into wine. We are told that birch wine has an agreeable flavor and is very wholesome, also that that made in Russia effervesces like champagne. It is recorded that during the siege of Hamburg by the Russians in 1814, almost all the birch trees in the neighborhood were destroyed by the Bashkirs and other semi-barbarians in the Russian service, by being tapped for their sap.

A drink is prepared from the pulp of the mucilaginous astringent fruit of Guazuma, a near relative of the cocoa-tree. This pulp undergoes various processes of fermentation, and thus furnishes a kind of beer. Chica is a maize beer made by some of the Indians of the Andes.

Chi-chi is the name given by the Patagonian natives to a rude sort of cider which they brew in the autumn, when the wild apples are ripe. Their method of making it is simple in the extreme; pits are dug in the earth and carefully lined with the hides of horses to prevent any juice soaking into the earth. Then the apples are gathered and thrown into the pit. They decay and ferment, and their juice provides the material for the grand annual drinking bout of the Patagonian men. The women have learnt by experience what the results of this bout too frequently are; so when it commences they go round carefully collecting knives and other dangerous weapons from the men. With these and with their children they then steal away and hide in the woods until their lords and masters shall have drunk themselves mad, and slept themselves sober again.

It is a somewhat sad reflection that these wild apples are the only legacy left by a few devoted Jesuits, who, soon after the conquest of South America, set out to convert the Patagonian savages. The Jesuits took with them various implements of husbandry, and European grains and seeds for cultivation; but they were all soon murdered, and only the apple-trees flourished, propagated, and produced excellent fruit, in a climate more congenial to them than to missionaries.

Dowra, or doro, is a primitive beer, brewed in many parts of Africa—in Nubia and Abyssinia, in Mashonaland, and among the Kaffirs. The method of brewing is much the same in all countries, and is thus described by Mr. Bent: "Corn is soaked in water, and left until it sprouts a little; then it is spread in the sun to dry and mixed with unsprouted grains; then the women pound it in wooden mortars, and the malt obtained from this is boiled and left to stand in a pot for two days, and overnight a little malt that has been kept for the purpose is thrown over the liquid to excite fermentation."

In Mashonaland the women are the chief brewers; in fact, to be a good wife one must also be a good brewer. The beer is always made in the fields, and is often very intoxicating. It must be drunk as soon as it is brewed, otherwise it quickly becomes disagreeable and worthless.

A similar "barley beer" was used by the old Egyptians both as a beverage and in libations to their gods. Xenophon speaks of "bowls of barley beer in which the grains were floating."

Grains of Gold.

Forget others' faults by remembering your own.

Counsel is to be given by the wise, the remedy by the rich.

He who feels his own deficiencies will be a charitable man for his own sake.

A man that can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can make one of him.

Man believes himself always greater than he is, and is esteemed less than he is worth.

People seldom love those who withstand their prejudices, and who endeavor to control their passions.

The greatest friend of truth is time, her greatest enemy is prejudice, and her constant companion is humility.

Everywhere and always a man's worth must be gauged to some extent, though only in part, by his domesticity.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'tis all barren—and so it is, and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his strength.

Real merit of any kind cannot be concealed; it will be discovered, and nothing can depreciate it but a man's showing it himself. It may not always be rewarded as it ought; but it will always be known.

Femininities.

There are 244,000 women learning music in London.

We are never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss, unless we have it from her own lips.

There never was a truer saying than that the man who dyes his whiskers never deceives anybody but himself.

He: That fellow over there cheated me out of a cool million. She: How could he? He: He wouldn't let me marry his daughter.

First girl: Do you see that handsome fellow by the piano? I rejected him once. Second girl: That's nothing, dear; I rejected him twice.

The Dowager Empress of Germany, the Empress Frederick, draws from the British treasury as a British princess the sum of $60,000 every year.

She: Really, now, aren't you a married man? He: No. Why? She: Oh, you have such a settled look. He: Yes; I've been refused by thirteen girls.

The Dowager Empress of Russia excels in driving a troika, three horses abreast, the two wheelers being kept at a trot, while the third maintains a gallop.

"This silver agitation is having one good effect, anyhow." "What's that?" "I see here that an unmarried foreign count has decided to postpone his visit to us until the money question is settled."

A.: How did your daughter pass her examination for a position as teacher? B.: Pass! She didn't pass at all. Maybe you won't believe it, but they asked that poor girl about things that happened before she was born!

Lone male boarder: You should have been down to the canoe regatta this afternoon. Miss Mussel led for the first half mile, but at the turn Mrs. Strong overtook her and then showed the cleanest pair of heels—Chorus of female listeners: Sir-r!

Curious: "Hello! Bliss, what makes you look so happy?" Bliss: "Letter from my girl." "What does she say?" "Don't know; can't read her writing. But it begins with 'My darling Fred' and ends with 'yours lovingly as ever,' so I know it's all right."

Somebody has said that "We ought always to believe less than we are told." This may be a safe maxim for general use, but when a woman intrusts you—in confidence, of course—with her age, you may always believe a great deal more than you are told.

Only the purest water is employed by the Chinese in washing the finer grades of silk. Ordinary well-water, in its natural state, is unsuitable, and is purified by placing a quantity of molluscs in it for a day. These prey on any impure organic matter, and act as filters.

Johnny: What! Only married a year and yet you are so downcast! Wally: Ah, my dear fellow, I never imagined that a wife would prove such a costly article! Johnny: Yes, a wife is a costly article, that's true; but then you must remember that she lasts a man a precious long time.

Mistress: I told you that I didn't want you to have so many male callers in the kitchen.

Pretty domestic: Yes 'm.

Mistress: Last night you were entertaining three policemen.

Domestic: Yes 'm. I had them there so as to keep the others out.

Clara: I met Mr. Tutter on the train the other day, just before we got to a long tunnel.

Maude: Yes, so he told me.

Clara: Oh, did he? What did the dear boy say about it?

Maude: He said he would rather kiss you in a tunnel than anywhere else.

"Had the most prosperous season on record in Chicago. That scene in which the hero and heroine are actually and genuinely married in full view of the audience made a pronounced hit." "But, say, how did you manage it?" "That was easy. The leading and woman were natives, and we had them divorced every morning.

That now almost obsolete musical instrument, the lute, is about to be revived in Italy, a society being in process of formation in Florence for the purpose of encouraging an appreciation of it. This will be known as the "Societa del Liuto," and its inauguration will be celebrated shortly by a grand concert, in which several leading Italian musicians will take part, including Signor Mascagni, who is, moreover, composing a new piece for the occasion, entitled "The Apotheosis of the Lute."

Woman was a power morally, socially, and intellectually, in the fifteenth century as well as the nineteenth; the doors of universities were open to her, not only to study, but to teach within their sacred precincts. In the University of Salamanca she had a place, and when Isabella of Spain desired to acquire the Latin tongue, it was to a woman she turned for a tutor. In Italy, even in the thirteenth century, it is recorded that a noble Florentine lady won the palm of oratory in a public contest in Florence, having to contend against learned doctors who came from all over the world.

Masculinities.

Wedding rings were used in Egypt 3,000 years before Christ.

William Cookson Carpenter, now 93 years old, is an attorney in active practice in New York.

In Russia, if a man runs away from the military duty required by law, his next-of-kin has to pay the penalty.

Queen Victoria's chaplain in ordinary, the Rev. A. Robins, has just preached his five thousandth sermon at Windsor.

Bicycles have reached the Arizona Indians, and people of Phœnix recently noted a Pima riding his wheel along the Temple road.

In France it has been decided that the makers of bicycles are responsible when an accident occurs through a structural fault in the machine.

A watchmaker has almost completed a watch which will call out the hours upon a spring being touched. It contains a very small phonograph.

"I hear that Robins is fairly mad over cycling." "That's so. He is so enthusiastic on the subject that he has just gone and married a hump-backed woman."

Dr. Paul Garnier, chief medical officer of the Parisian Prefecture of Police, says that lunacy has increased 30 per cent. in Paris during the last sixteen years.

A well-known oculist, who has been studying the human eye for thirty years, declares that most great men of the past and present have or had blue or gray eyes.

In President White's farewell address to the students of Cornell University he said: "Do not try to be smart, but do everything that comes to your lot in a faithful and satisfactory manner."

Three-tenths of the earnings of a Belgian convict are given to him on the expiration of his term of imprisonment. Some of them thus save more money than they have ever saved before.

The female spider is always larger than the male, and, if accounts be true, is of a rather peppery disposition. When the husband becomes obstinate and will not obey orders, the loving wife eats him up.

Berry, the late hangman of England, declared that during his term of office he conducted over 500 executions. A great many of the crimes were caused by drink; and he adds emphatically, "I have never hanged a teetotaler."

A morganatic marriage is a German institution. In such a union the bridegroom gives his left hand to the bride in token that she is to take neither his rank nor his property except in so far as he chooses to dower her with either.

Padua has now automatic savings banks. You put a penny in the slot and get a coupon. Five of these entitle you to a book in the Savings Bank of Padua. The machines are very accurate and refuse all obsolete or spurious coins. The innovation is getting very popular.

A doctor in the Highlands of Scotland, whose patients are scattered over a wide district, takes carrier pigeons with him on his rounds and sends his prescriptions by them to the apothecary. He leaves pigeons, too, with distant families, to be let loose when his services are needed.

The African Lakes Company has become so careful that it compels its agents to pay for its own funeral expenses. So many agents died that an order was actually issued compelling the agents to die at their own expense. For a long while the company has enjoyed a monopoly of trade.

A certain writer declares that soup is responsible for nearly all the dyspepsia that exists. He asserts that soup at the beginning of a dinner distends the stomach and prevents the digestion of the solids that follow. Furthermore, he claims that there is no nourishment in soup, and its heat injures the teeth.

The allowance of lawyers to population in this country is rather more liberal than that of preachers. There are 89,422 men and 208 women engaged in the legal profession, and, supposing each to have an average of ten suits on hand, the litigation going on at one time in the United States would foot up 896,300 cases.

A handsome granite monument to Hugh Brown, the late Highland attendant of the Queen, has been erected over his grave in Crathie churchyard. The inscription at the base of the monument is as follows: "In loving memory of Hugh Brown, Highland attendant to Queen Victoria for seven years. Eighth brother of John Brown, the Queen's personal attendant. Died at East Lodge, Balmoral, March 29, 1898, aged 57 years."

It is said that Paderewski's son, when a little boy, asked his father, who was playing in Paris at the time, whether he might go to the Cirque, where Paderewski was to perform. The distinguished pianist consented. When the lad came home his father asked him how he had enjoyed himself. "Oh, not at all," was the youngster's reply. "It was the dullest circus I have ever been to. I expected to see you go through hoops, but you only played at the piano, just as you do at home."

Latest Fashion Phases.

Parisian authorities consider the square decolletage most becoming to women inclined to embonpoint, while slender ones have the neck of the gown cut rounding.

The hair is still worn more or less waved, the back hair being coiled rather high. The side locks are left rather loose and fluffy and are fastened by side combs.

Alpaca, mohair and materials of that kind are very much liked for traveling wearf but nothing can surpass a good quality of serge or a camel's hair. Many fashionable women have a skirt of wool and a waist of silk in some subdued color or a plaid. There are dark blue, green, gray and brown plaids that are exceedingly stylish and make the most perfect waists for this purpose. A loose and easily adjusted wrap and a trim little hat, with leather gloves, finish the costume most satisfactorily. It is unnecessary to say that no jewelry should be worn. Studs, cuff buttons, and a watch and chain are permissible, but they are hardly to be reckoned as jewelry. Some women always wear their rings, thinking that the hand is the safest place for them, in which supposition they are probably correct, but all other articles of ornament pure and simple are tabooed.

A gown for a very young girl was of flowered muslin, the skirt being trimmed around the foot with three ruffles of cream linen edged with narrow lace. The bodice is gathered at the waist and has in front a full plastron of cream lace. The neck is cut down in a slight, round decolletage and is finished by a drapery of deep rose velvet. The belt is of the same material. The bouffant sleeves have full epaulets of lace.

Silk petticoats are a delusion and a snare to any woman who cannot afford a new one every month. Few articles of apparel appear more enticing when they are displayed in the shops, and their lightness and delicate coloring make one feel that one's wardrobe is incomplete without a specimen of these ruffled and furbelowed garments. But also for the woman of moderate circumstances who buys a silk petticoat, especially if it be of taffeta, with the idea that she will wear it and "get the good of it," as the saying goes. The friction of walking cuts every fold of the ruffles, the slightest dampness shrinks the cord in the border of the flounces, so that the latter are all puckered at the edge, while the foot of the petticoat comes to rags very shortly. For occasional wear under a thin evening dress the silk petticoat will do very well, but as human nature's daily food it is not satisfactory. Mohair, sateen and moreen are far better investments. They are cheaper in the first place, much more durable and keep their freshness longer. White petticoats of muslin, cambric or lawn are exceedingly pretty and very fashionable at present. Trimmed with lace and ruffles they are as dainty as heart could desire and possess the merit of looking as well as new every time they are laundered. The petticoat requires to be very wide and to have a number of full flounces in order to keep its bouffancy, but muslin and lawn are so light that this abundant trimming is no burden, save to the person who does the ironing.

A very stylish gown is in pale gray granite, trimmed with a darker shade of gray grenadine and gray mohair braid. The skirt of the granite is cut in the regulation shape and encircled at the knees with two rows of the braid, one wide and one narrow. It is lined throughout with white French cambric and faced ten inches at the foot with haircloth.

The full bodice of grenadine has the fullness laid in small tucks on either shoulder and is made over a fitted lining of transparent cerise taffeta. An empiecement of the granite is bordered with the braid and extends down the middle of the front and back and across the lower part of the bodice, which is drawn down under by a white leather belt. The granite collar-band is enriched at either side with projecting tabs of the same material, while two rows of braid sewn on the empiecement surround the lower edge of the collar-band. The leg-of-mutton sleeve is cut in two pieces, the lower fitted portion being of granite, trimmed at the top and bottom with the gray braid, while the upper section, or puff, is of the gray grenadine over cerise silk.

The hat worn with this toilette is of gray straw, garnished with graduated bands of white mousseline de soie and two gracefully curved black ostrich feathers, while the cachepeigne is of white azaleas.

An attractive toilette has a full, plain skirt of lizard green cloth.

A sleeveless bodice of black satin fits the figure perfectly and fastens on the left shoulder and left under-arm seam. Over this is worn the round bolero, of lizard-green taffeta, brocaded with black, slashed on the shoulders, to show the black bodice underneath, and edged all around with a plaited graduated frill of white mousseline de soie, which is arranged to form a bow at the neck, and graceful jabots falling on either side to the bust. The collar band of broche silk, is headed at the sides and back by a plaited frill of the mousseline. The small gigot sleeve of silk is trimmed at the wrist with a drapery mousseline de soie which is finished, both front and back, with a fan plaiting of the same, while two much wider frills of the same airy material are sewn round the arm-hole, and fall over the top of the sleeve. A deep ceinture of black satin is laid in soft folds round the waist.

The hat of green straw is trimmed with large loops of green silk, with black dots, pale pink roses and black aigrettes.

A stylish gown for early autumn is of electric blue cloth trimmed with ruby velvet, small steel buttons and small electric blue silk cord. The skirt is cut in the latest style, fitting closely over the hips and embellished at the foot with seven bias folds, stimulating tucks.

A bolero bodice, with a box-plait in the centre of the front, is ornamented at the lower edge with five tucks and small steel buttons are sewn on either side of the box-plait and linked with the narrow silk cord. This pretty little bolero fits smoothly across the bust and shoulders, but being made without dart seams falls quite loose and free over a very high ceinture of ruby velvet. At the neck the box-plait is slashed so as to reveal a little V-shaped vest and collar band of the velvet. The leg-of-mutton sleeve has the top adorned with seven tucks, while four tucks enrich it between the elbow and wrist.

A black serge gown has a full skirt falling in pretty folds to the foot, finished without garniture.

A blouse bodice of the serge has a large collar of red silk with incrustations of white lace opening in the front to display a V-shaped gilet of Indian foulard. The collar-band of red silk is headed by a large ruffle of red tulle. The sleeve of the foulard has a short shoulder puff and closely fitted lower sleeve, furnished at the hand with a ruffle of red tulle. The narrow belt is made of foulard, fastening at the left side of the front under a cousin of the tulle.

A small black hat, trimmed with red tulle and black feathers, looks very smart with this serviceable gown.

Odds and Ends.

SOMETHING ABOUT SOUPS AND SALADS

Watercress Soup.—The foundation for this may be either a puree of white haricots or green split peas—whichever preferred. A pint of either will be required, and they must be boiled until they will rub through a colander, make up to a quart with boiling water. In a separate stewpan place an ounce of fresh butter, add two bunches of picked watercress finely minced, two or three spring-onions, and any green herbs available. Let these cook a few minutes, stirring them frequently. Then dredge with a little flour to absorb the butter, and add gradually the contents of the stewpan to the puree; season well with pepper and salt, and when the soup has well boiled, stir in the beaten yolk of an egg, and pour at once into the tureen.

Sorrel Soup.—Pick and wash three or four good handfuls of young sorrel, chop it small and stew it with a little butter, an onion and savoury herbs. In a separate vessel have a quart of boiling water, and to that put a thick slice of white bread cut into dice. When the sorrel is cooked stir it into this, season well, and let it boil gently for a few minutes. When ready to serve take the pan off the fire, and stir in gradually the beaten yolks of two eggs and a pennyworth of cream. The eggs thicken the soup and correct the acidity of the sorrel.

Tomato Soup.—Dissolve an ounce of clarified beef dripping in a stewpan, slice into it one or two small onions and a carrot cut small. When these have frizzled pour into them half a tin of canned tomatoes, or half a pound of ripe fresh ones. Let these cook gently for twenty minutes, then rub through a colander until nothing is left. Dissolve an ounce of butter and stir into it a tablespoonful of flour, add seasoning, then the tomato puree and boiling milk or stock from bones, and boil up for another minute or two, then pour over fried croutons.

For cucumber soup the required quantity of clear stock made from veal bones will be needed. Strain this, season it well, and let one or two spring-onions (finely minced) be added to it at the same time as a cucumber, which has been pared and sliced tolerably thin. When this has boiled slowly long enough to cook the cucumber, remove it from the fire and stir in a small teacupful of thickened cream already hot. Serve at once with croutons of fried bread.

Ham Salad.—Mix together and put into a dredger a small quantity each of celery, salt, cayenne and black pepper, white sugar and allspice. Shave the lean of some cold boiled smoked ham, squeeze lemon-juice over each piece, and dredge lightly with the above seasoning. Shave thinly one or two white onions and a head of white celery, put them in a salad-bowl with two or three lettuce-hearts or a few sprigs of endive, or some chicory. Add the ham next, then pour three or four spoonfuls of oil over, and serve at once.

Cream Cheese Salads.—Prepare first a little dressing by mincing together a small shalot, some sprigs of chervil, thyme, parsley, and tarragon; add to them a pinch of salt and pepper, a tablespoonful of lemon-juice and three of salad oil, then mix well together. Separate the leaves of a crisp well-hearted lettuce, in the hollow of each leaf place a little rocky lump of cream cheese, pour a spoonful of the dressing and arrange the leaves simply on a glass dish, garnishing with scarlet radishes.

Asparagus on Toast.—Boil the asparagus until quite tender, drain it, cut off the hard white stalk, arrange neatly on a slice of crisp toast or fried bread.

Dissolve a small lump of butter, stir in a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, add a pinch of salt and pepper and a drop of vinegar, then pour quickly over the asparagus, and serve immediately.

Potato Salad.—Slice very evenly some cold boiled potatoes, sprinkle them with some finely-minced parsley and shalots, and strew a little thinly-sliced lemon-peel among them (fresh). Mix a teaspoonful of grated horse-radish with an egg-salad dressing, and pour it over. Decorate with sliced beetroot and sprigs of watercress.

Stuffed Cucumbers.—Prepare a mince from the remains of cold meat, poultry or fish, season rather highly, and moisten with a little good gravy. Pare a short, thick cucumber, with a corer remove all the seedy interior, and press the stuffing into its place. Melt a good lump of butter in a stew pan, place the cucumber in it, put with it an onion and a bunch of sweet herbs, and cover to stew gently for an hour or so. Remove to a dish, take out the onion and herbs, thicken the butter with a little flour, season it, add a spoonful of minced parsley and a few drops of vinegar, let it boil, then pour over the cucumber and serve.

Carrot Salad.—An accompaniment to cold salt beef. Slice thinly some carrots, which have been boiled whole and allowed to become cold. Lay them separately on a flat dish, and season with pepper, salt, and a drop of oil on each; squeeze some lemon juice over them. Carefully lay the slices of carrot over some ready-dressed lettuce or endive, and sprinkle with scraped horseradish.

Watercress Salad.—Well wash the cress and swing it in a wire basket until dry, pick it into sprigs and dress simply (and at the moment it is required only) with pepper, salt, vinegar, and oil, tossing it very highly in the bowl. One of the most delicious and wholesome of our salads, but it very quickly loses its crispness. The same remark applies also to—

Boiled Cucumber with Sauce Poulette.—Pare the cucumbers thinly, cut lengthwise into four, then across into pieces about two inches long. Throw into a saucepan containing boiling salted water, boil for ten minutes, then lift the pieces out and drain on a clean napkin. Melt an ounce of butter, stir into it a tablespoonful of flour, when smooth dilute with half a pint of lukewarm water, boil until it thickens; then add a pinch of pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt, a squeeze of lemon-juice, and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Stir over the fire a few minutes longer, then put in the cucumber to heat through, and serve hot, with roast or boiled meat or poultry. This is a most delicate vegetable dish.

Corn Salad.—The dainty coquille which the French gourmet loves. This must be very freshly picked, well-washed, well-dried, and very lightly dressed, although it requires rather more oil than watercress does, being of a somewhat rough nature. No onion or condiments, other than the simple dressing mentioned, should be used with these two, or with—

Dandelion Salad.—Very unfortunately blanched dandelion is not so easy to obtain in our country as it is abroad, but we may blanch the leaves by uprooting them and inverting them in the soil, or by covering the roots with flower pots turned upside down. Green, unblanched dandelion is too rank and bitter to the taste, but after this process it is pleasantly stimulating, and an excellent digestive tonic. Well wash and dry the leaves, pick but do not cut them, and dress as before directed. Those who like the taste of spring onions will be wise to add them to all lettuce salads; they add piquancy and flavor, and aid digestion.

"NATURE'S SWEET RESTORER."—"I have been wakefully considering the wooing of 'Nature's sweet restorer' of late," says a rather nervous woman, and "and I find that there is nothing so good, after all, as lighting a candle and reading mild fiction, which soothes and distracts the mind without exciting it. Any specifics for sleeplessness I should carefully avoid, as in the end they are sure to bring trouble.

"A big bed for a sleepless person is a necessity, for it gives unrestrained change of position. A warm bath at night, with a good rubbing, is most beneficial, and so is a biscuit eaten, to draw the blood from the head; but beware of employing artificial means of inducing sleep! Any drug is bound to lose its effect sooner or later, and it entails eventually much greater discomfort. This is a truth that has taken me years to learn; but, now that I have discarded everything of the sort, I find that, although I shall never be what is called a sound sleeper, by calling philosophy to my aid and accepting the situation, I really suffer less from sleeplessness than I used to do when I tried everything that was suggested to me."

R R R

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For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pain around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure.

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A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief, placed over the stomach or bowels, will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles

Sick Headache,
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And all Disorders of the Liver.

Observe the following symptoms, resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

PRICE 25 CTS. A BOX. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

VANISHED GOLD MINES.

AN interesting chapter in the history of gold and silver mining which still remains to be written is that relating to lost mines—that is, mines of fabulous richness, once discovered by some lonely prospector, and then lost by some fateful incident or chain of accidents.

In every gold and silver bearing district stories of these marvellous "finds" are current, and West Australia, the latest gold-field of all, is not without its crop. There is no inherent improbability about the better-known mine myths, if we may so term them, because in a wild country where there are practically no landmarks, it is by no means a difficult matter for an uneducated man, with his tremendous secret to keep, to make a mistake as to his location.

Besides, the happy discoverer may die on or near the spot where he struck his bonanza, and his fate remain unknown even after his bleached bones have been found in the wilderness years after.

The Rocky Mountains and the Sierras are especially rich in mythical mines, and any man who may find himself in one of the many camps still to be met with in those wild, and for the most part untrodden regions, will be regaled at the saloon bar with enough stories to fill a book. The "Lost Cabin" mine is a good specimen of the kind of thing we have in mind.

One day, forty years ago, three men named "Kit" Carson, James Kinney, and a half breed Blackfoot came into Fort Randal, on the Missouri River, with a bag full of nuggets and a story of gold deposits of incredible richness in Cabin Creek, a branch of the north fork of the Cheyenne River, just west of what is now the Montana boundary line.

Both were old mountain men, and Carson enjoyed a great reputation as a guide; which lent some additional color to the story.

Everybody went crazy. No white man was supposed to have been within five hundred miles of the place, and indeed men were (at that time) being cut off by Indians within five miles of the fort. Carson and Kinney went on a week's "spree," and soon gambled away their gold, but showed no disposition to take a party to the new Eldorado. The United States officers at the fort discredited the whole thing, and dissuaded the crowd from following it up; but men started out, and none returned.

Presumably, the Indians saw the last of them. The red-skins, no doubt, knew of the existence of gold there, and of course wanted for several reasons to keep the whites out, and they did effectually for thirty years. A thousand lives and a mountain of treasure were spent in seeking for the Lost Cabin, but in vain; and it was only quite recently that other gold discoveries were made along the same stream.

In the light of this fact, were the men lying? If they were, how did they become possessed of such a treasure as they unquestionably had with them?

The story of the lost "Lake of the Golden Bar" in Alaska is one of the strongest ever narrated. There is an expedition even now on foot to look for it.

In August 1884, three adventurers, named Hamilton Galt, Charles Ulrich, and Walter Stanford, went tramping north from Butte, Montana, and at the end of eight weeks found themselves near the Yukon River, on the eastern slope of the St. Elias Range in Alaska.

There were well-watered valleys, where game was abundant, and traces of gold were found everywhere on the "bars" and shores of the streams. The sun was shining gloriously, when suddenly a small lake came into view.

In the words of Galt himself: "Its rays struck with a slanting flood upon the bar, and scintillated into a thousand golden silvers directly across the water into the dazzled eyes of the thunder-struck men." There were bad Indians roaming round, but what cared they now? All three yelled with delirium.

They threw down their rifles and swam for the bar—a small island in the lake, thirty feet from the bank. The first nugget weighed six pounds, and was almost pure gold.

This was Galt's catch. Stanford whose nickname was "Ole," gathered up nuggets and scooped up "dust" as fast as he could transfer the stuff from the ground to his pockets. But it remained for Ulrich to make the biggest "find." He had landed a little lower down.

In walking through the shallows towards the shore, he struck his foot against a sharp rock, as he thought. But as he lifted it out of the water, there was disclosed a nugget of almost pure gold, estimated at fifty pounds, or not much less than that figure in weight.

For forty days these men worked as no coal-heaver in the world ever worked, and "cached" gold valued at about fifty thousand dollars or more, in addition to the two nuggets found on the first landing. They experienced great difficulty in ferrying it across the water between the bar and the shore, and this occupied much of their time, and prevented them from gathering more gold.

Besides, they needed food, and hunting claimed a goodly part of their time. They took turns at providing food for the camp. Their idea was to gather enough gold in the cache to make them all rich, before the actual cold weather set in, and then to go south and to return again with a proper equipment.

Just as preparations had been made for this move, a large body of Indians attacked the "prospectors," killed "Ole," and burned their hut; the two others got separated, and had to leave most of their treasure behind them and pick their way south as best they could.

Ulrich, it turned out afterwards, contrived to reach Fort Wrangel penniless. Galt, who was afraid to go near the camp because of the Indians, kept in the neighborhood for two days, and then commenced his lonely tramp back.

There was no sun to point him right. The long winter nights had commenced. It became colder and colder, the thermometer ranged far below zero. Snow came in masses and blinding blizzards.

"I wandered on and on," he says, "always with the instinct of self-preservation strong within me. I never thought of giving up. Hunger, cold, snow, ice, fever, delirium—nothing mattered; but life—sweet life. I went on this way for weeks. Through that terrible winter of 1884 I wandered in that awful wilderness."

Paralyzed, bleeding from wounds on the body, head, and face, frozen, the sight of one eye nearly gone, attenuated to the mere shadow of a man, he at last came to a human habitation on March 25, 1885, about twenty miles from "Bonner's Ferry."

The latter part of this story sounds rather weak, but it is certain that Galt had one thousand pounds' worth of gold in his belt when he came to "Jim" Edwards' place at Bonner's Ferry, and he is going again to the "Lost Bar" lake to find the gold which is his and Ulrich's.

It is pretty generally believed, apart from this particular case, that Alaska is simply teeming with gold, and the United States Government has within the past year despatched a scientific expedition to gauge the extent of the mineral wealth of this far off and much neglected possession.

The story of the "White Cement" mine is a curious one.

One day a gold-seeker named White came into Horse Head Gulch, California, from Northern New Mexico, and took out of his pack a number of pieces of what looked like hard white clay glittering with specks of metal. Before night it was known in the camp that White's specimens showed one thousand ounces to the ton.

The excitement was intense. In the morning a party called on the owner of the specimens, and told him that he must pilot the men to his find.

He should have the pick of the claims, and help to work it, but go he must; and on his refusal, was warned that this life would not be worth shucks if he "stood off" the camp.

Then he consented. The trail went down and across the Rockies. It led along rocky trails, up and down canyons, and across mountain crests.

On the evening of the third day White said the miners were very near to their journey's end. Every one lay down that night expecting to arise a millionaire.

In the morning, White was gone, and had left no trace. One-half of the party, after incredible suffering, got back to life and civilization; and yet, despite their story, one hundred men started back over their trail two days later.

Three years after, White reappeared in Salt Lake City with his eminent specimens as before, incredibly rich, and again disappeared, and from that time to this, has never been heard of. But men still wear out their lives in seeking this "Lost Cement" mine.

For many years there has been a legend prevalent in Port Hickson and in the country round about it that somewhere in the Shawangunk Mountains in that vicinity there is a cave or mine containing deposits of wealth in gold and silver; and in spite of long, tedious, and unprofitable searches that have from time to time been made, there are still scores of people who believe fondly in its existence.

The legend of the hidden treasure is, in effect, that years ago—nobody knows how many—an old Spaniard or an Indian lived somewhere in the Shawangunk Mountains near Port Hickson.

This person went by the name of Ninety-nine. Why Ninety-nine, the misty record does not pause to say. But of this thing the legend is positive: Ninety-nine was overpartial to whisky, and it was his favorite pastime when he was drunk to scatter gold pieces about the settlements, to pull a handful of diamonds from one pocket, and a string of pearls from another, and from other parts of his opulent person clusters of rubies and glittering lots of other precious stones, and parade about among the Dutch settlers an animate and inebriate Golconda.

No one could ever find where Ninety-nine lived. He never permitted any one to accompany him from the settlements except once, and that was a short time before he disappeared for ever from those merry scenes.

The exception was a boy named Benny Depew, and it was when he was in his cups that Ninety-nine took him blindfolded to the mountain and showed him over his treasure-house. Heaped in glittering confusion on the floor were bars of gold and silver, and domes of coin.

From every side resplendent jewels glared at him with myriad eyes of fire, while Ninety-nine thrust his hand into a cask, taking it out and holding it above his head, released what he held within it. A stream of flaming diamonds fell back into the cask.

These were some of the things that Benny said he gazed upon in Ninety-nine's cave.

But the greedy custodian of all that fabulous wealth permitted him to feast his eyes but a short time. Then he blindfolded Benny again and led him away.

When the bandge was a second time removed from his eyes, benny was standing on the top of one of the highest peaks of the Shawangunk overlooking the Mamakating Valley. Ninety-nine was gone. And he was never seen again.

This story has an unmistakable suggestion of the Arabian Nights, but only a few years ago a company was formed with a capital of $25,000 to search for the lost treasure. Half the capital was paid up.

However, the only exhaustive work done was by the treasurer of the company. He did it on the company's treasury.

When his work was done, the treasury was exhausted of the $12,500, and he had gone somewhere. The company turned its attention away from hunting for the lost cave, and went to hunting for the lost treasure.

NOTHING NEW.—The ancients had records of two flying machines—one a dove of wood made by Archytas, propelled by heated air; and the other a brass fly which was said to have made a short flight.

Bladud, a British king, tried to make wings like a dove's, but all we know of his attempt is that he soared above his city and fell upon a temple, thereby killing himself.

Another man who lost his life for his flying machine was a monk called Elmer, who had foretold the invasion of William the Conqueror. He was therefore taunted by the people for not knowing beforehand that he would fall with his machine and break his legs on taking flight from a high tower. He is said to have flown 126 paces.

A hundred years later a Saracen repeated the attempt and was killed. A relative of the poet Dante made a successful flight over a lake, and on trying to repeat the feat fell in a square of Perugia. It is not known what kind of wings these adventurous men had, though they were stiff and immovable.

Leonardo da Vinci, besides being a great painter, architect and engineer, left note-books showing that he, too, had figured on a flying machine, which he abandoned when he discovered the difficulties in the way.

A French locksmith thought that practice was the great thing, and when he had made his wings he jumped first from a chair, then from a window, and lastly from the roof of a small house. In the last experiment he nailed over a cottage roof and then sold his wings.

Another Frenchman, who happened to be a man of title, tried an air-route across the river Seine. A washerwoman's boat was, fortunately for him, near at hand, and the intrepid inventor was ultimately rescued.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.—Here is a story the lesson of which is too obvious for comment, perhaps, but cannot be learned too often. It is commended to all readers, both those who keep dogs and those who do not.

Johnson and Thompson were next-door neighbors. Johnson had a dog that barked a considerable part of every night. Finally Thompson said to Johnson—

"Look here, Johnson, we have always been friends, and I hope you won't be offended if I tell you that the barking of your dog is driving me and my family mad for want of sleep."

"Dear me!" said Johnson. "That's queer. I haven't noticed that Leo ever barked much to speak of."

Two or three evenings afterwards Thompson came home leading a dog—the dog—by a string.

"Now, then," said he to Thompson, "we will soon have a chance to sleep. I didn't like to shoot the beast while belonging to Johnson, so I have bought him. Nobody can blame us for killing our own dog. I'll get some chloroform to-morrow."

A month passed, and Johnson and Thompson met.

"Well, Thompson, you haven't chloroformed that dog yet."

"No," replied Thompson. "The truth is we have become rather fond of the fellow. He is so lively and playful."

"But doesn't his barking at night annoy you now?"

"I haven't noticed it."

"H'm!" said Johnson. "The brute keeps us awake half the night. I can't understand how you can put up with it."

DANCING BIRDS.—In southern Brazil is a little bird that comes as near to holding a regular darkey "hoe-down"—a minstrel song and dance—as it is possible for birds to do.

It is called "the dancing bird" by the natives. It is a tiny blue bird with a red crest. Mornings and evenings the little fellows gather in a group of a score or so on a smooth, sandy, or gravelly spot, or at least a spot that is free from grass or any obstruction.

Then one of the males flies to a twig somewhere overhead and begins singing in the jolliest jig-voice imaginable; and immediately the birds begin to step in perfect time with the song, and twitter an accompaniment, and, more than that, move their wings in time with the music as they step about.

Akin to this dance is one where there is but a single dancer on the floor at a time. The bird is known as the rupicola, or cock of the rock, also a Brazil bird. It is most beautifully dressed in orange and scarlet plumage.

Like the little blue bird, it selects a smooth hard floor as its dancing place, and there must be an abundance of bushes around, for it does not seem to like spectators.

About this kind of platform the birds gather, some on the ground and some on the bush.

Then all sing, except one, who gets into the centre of the floor and there leaps and gyrates in a most comical fashion until exhausted. Then he staggers off; but another instantly takes his place and repeats his performance; and so they go on, if undisturbed, till everyone of them has had his fling.

HOME-LIFE.—We should not forget that, though they are ours without price, the good things of our homes have not been won without cost to those whose love we are indebted for them. We have but to think of the love that sheltered our infancy and guided our feet in tender years, and of the self-denial and sacrifices, the toils and watchings, the care and anxiety, the loss of rest, the broken nights, the planning, the praying, the weeping, and all the cost of love—for love always costs—along the days of childhood and youth. Then oftimes much of the good in our homes has come down from the past, the fruit of the labor and suffering of a line of ancestors. Thus every comfort and joy and beauty should be sacred as a sacrament to us, because it has been gotten for us by hands of love, at cost of toil and saving and pinching economy and self-denial.

ORNAMENT was always the companion of weak minds: it is a plant that will never grow in strong soil.

Humorous.

When Debt is dressed up in its best,
With linen fine and purple raiment,
With jewels rare and haughty air—
Why, creditors don't ask for payment;
But when arrayed in garments frayed
Debt walks the street with aspect humble—
Without a friend; the men who lend
Must have their money quick, or grumble.

Often up in arms—Babies.

Matchless—An empty lucifer-box.

Wanted, by an attorney, a clerk to engross other people's attention.

When there is bad blood in politics is when the polical pot has its boils.

When is a piece of wood like a monarch?—When it is made into a ruler.

The bicycle messenger boys don't ride fast enough to get in short pants.

"No news is good news," but it won't do to run a daily paper on that principle.

Why is a wise man like a pin?—Because he has got a head and comes to the point.

This is the admonition which appears in the window of a cheap restaurant: "Dine here, and you will never dine anywhere else."

We once knew a boy who said he liked "a good rainy day—too rainy to go to school, and just rainy enough to go a-fishing."

"Look here, old chappie, just introduce me to your pretty cousin."

"All right; I'll do so. But mark, if you ever marry her, don't lay the blame on me."

Little Ethel: Mamma, what does it rain for?

Mrs. de Homely: To make the trees and grass and everything grow pretty.

Ethel: Then why didn't it rain on papa?

A poor actor, with a book under his arm, was entering a pawnbroker's shop, when he encountered a friend who inquired what he was going to do.

"Only to spout Shakespere," was the reply.

"I was not aware that you knew him," said Brown to an Irish friend the other day.

"Know him!" his friend exclaimed. "I knew him when his father was a boy!"

Miss Sharpe: I celebrate my twenty-fourth birthday to-morrow.

Miss Oldage: Indeed! And isn't it singular? So do I!

Miss Sharpe: Oh, but I celebrate mine for the first time!

Customer: You have a sign in your window—"A suit of clothes made while you wait." Do you really do that?

Tailor: Yes, sir. You leave your order with a deposit, and then wait till the garments are finished.

"A dear old lady" went to a dog-fancier to buy a dog. The dog-fancier said:

"What sort of dog do you want? Is it to be a pointer or an Irish-terrier or a collie or what?"

"Oh," she said, "I really don't mind, provided he suits the drawing-room carpet!"

"What ails the baby now?" the father snarled viciously.

"Don't be cross," expostulated the patient mother; "you know he's trying to cut his teeth!"

"Well," growled the father, "what makes him always choose the time to do it when I'm at home?"

Author: By the way, Deepvoice, there is a point to which I should like to call your attention.

Deepvoice, the villain: Well?

Author: Where I make the heroine say to you, "Do your worst!" I do not intend the remark to be a stage direction with regard to your acting.

At the theatre—Youngster: "What beautiful heads of hair those ladies in front have!"

Oldster: "If the lady whose switch has dropped off——"

All six of the ladies bring their hands to the back of their heads spasmodically, and Oldster grins and chuckles, as though he had done a bright thing.

Mr. Brown: What in the world do you mean by getting yourself a "rational" bicycle costume? Do you think I would allow you to go out into the street dressed like that?

Mrs. Brown: Why, I heard you say only yesterday that you hadn't seen anything prettier this summer than the girl who passed us wearing a "rational costume.

Mr. Brown: Oh, well, that's different. She wasn't related to me in any way.

An actor tells this story: Our show played at Hot Springs last season to a large audience; but at the end of the first act, which is full of fun, there had not been a sound of applause, either by hand or foot. I was "knocked out," and I went to the manager of the house, and said:

"Well, they don't appear to like us."

"Oh, yes, they do!" was the reply.

"Your show has made a big hit."

"Then why don't they demonstrate it," I asked, "by giving the actors some encouragement in the way of applause?"

"They've all got rheumatism," said he.

TRAINED TO THIEVE.

"The intelligence of dogs is put to a strange purpose by some ladies," said a gentleman whose detective propensities privilege him to speak openly on the subject.

"It is just a development of the so-called kleptomaniac craze," the writer's informant explained. "Some of the little rough-haired terriers are educated to a high degree by their mistresses, and taught to secrete articles at a sign in the abundant growth about their throats and breasts.

"Rarely is a word necessary to induce the wee creatures to do their bidding—a smile, a squeeze, or a customary call with the lips, and the pet canine is on the alert, and fully comprehends what is demanded of him.

"Watches, and other small articles are placed on a table and the animal under tuition is instructed to pick up the object, while held carelessly in the arms of its owner.

"When its education is deemed complete, it is aware that the appropriation of the article is to be immediately followed by its secretion in the long hair of its breast, the paws clasping the stolen jewelry closely, while retaining a position natural and unsuspicious.

"It is astonishing what amount of cunning a carefully trained dog will display: the little creature soon grows to understand what is required, and has all the misleading movements of a human thief.

"A lady more famous for her beauty than her prompt payment of bills, saved herself recently by a mere chance. Accompanying her always was a wire-haired terrier which nestled in her arms while making purchases.

"The vigilance of a shop-detective resulted in the revelation of the artful creature's mode of mode of operations.

"Severely bitten on the hand while he shook the terrified thief, his wounds caused little surprise amid the consternation that prevailed when a valuable diamond ornament dropped from the dog's fur upon the counter.

"The lady hurriedly explained that she was not aware of her pet's thieving propensities, and left the shop in a flurry.

"This is by no means the most remarkable of similar occurrences. A West-end establishment plumed itself on the possession of a patron who spent lavishly even for a woman of fashion; but it was subsequently discovered that some valuable trinket was often missing immediately after her departure.

"The proprietor ordered that the bill for the missing articles should be posted to her after each visit, as is done with recognized kleptomaniacs. This method induced a stormy interview, and for a while the matter was suspended.

"Finally the depredations were traced to the clever little poodle she carried with her on her shopping expeditions, but its exceptional wariness for a long time deceived the shop attendants.

"Within the velvet coat that loosely encircled its miniature body it packed the stolen article—the result of very careful training, and by an efficient trainer it may be imagined.

"The scene that ensued after her exposure was quite worthy of the stage. Nonplussed, to cover her consternation, the lady promptly fainted, and a lady assistant, who had been suspected of knowing something of the series of thefts, sought satisfaction in giving the disreputable dog as sound a thrashing as ever fell to the lot of a common street cur.

"Picture the dismay of a young lady of irreproachable character, when requested to restore the articles purloined from the counter at which she had been making purchases.

"She protested innocence, allowed her garments to be searched most readily, and was about to depart an injured innocent, when some dubious attendant seized a pet dog which had slipped from her arms during the investigation, and was crouched tremblingly under a chair, no doubt aware that something was in the wind.

"Two small trinkets were taken from the dog's mouth, and the situation seemed doubtful. Eventually, it was discovered that the girl was in no way responsible for the thieving inclinations of her pet, which had been found by a brother a few weeks previously, the animal having belonged to a lady of evidently shady character. The fact that its loss was not advertised seems to strengthen the supposition."

A GRASSHOPPER 'PLAT.'—The Indians of California think grasshopper paste a great delicacy, and their mode of gathering and cooking is novel in the extreme. The one most generally practised is to dig a deep hole in the ground, and then form a large circle, in which old and young both join, irrespective of sex.

The performers take a bush in each hand, and begin to beat the herbage from side to side, first with the right hand, then with the left. The insects jump forward towards the hole, fall into it, and are soon caught, sacked, and saturated with salt-water. A trench is next dug and a fire built in it; after which the ashes are cleared out, and the grasshoppers placed in, being covered with hot stones until they become perfectly roasted, when they are taken and picked as we pick boiled shrimps. Indian children often catch and thread grasshoppers on a string, and roast them alive.

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '85. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, a Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

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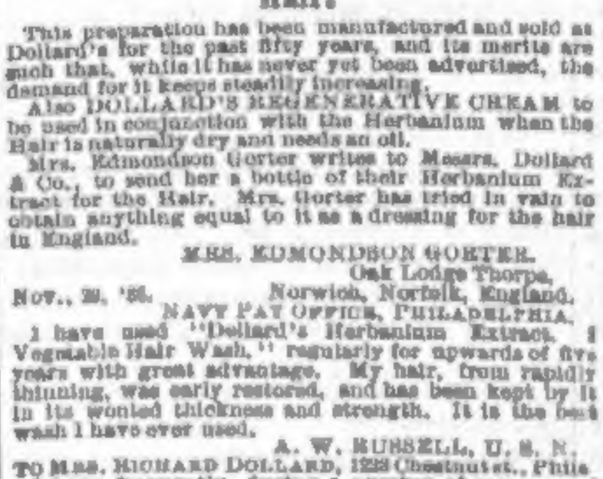
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING. None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.



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The Crown is the only Piano which contains the Wonderful Orchestral Attachment and Practice Clavier, the greatest invention of the age and by the use of which you can imitate perfectly the Harp, Zither, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar, Clavicord, Dulcimer, Spinet, Harpsichord, Music Box, Autoharp, Bag Pipe, Etc.

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Buffalo and Chicago Exp. Sleeping Cars.	daily, 6.34 p m	
	daily, 9.45 p m	6.30, 11.30 p m

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FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.00 a m, 12.05, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 4.02, 5.00, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.30, 10.10, 11.30 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.05, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 7.59, 10.09, 10.57, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.09, 4.10, 6.12, ... (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 10.32, a m, 12.04, (dining car), 4.10, 6.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 8.15 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on all night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 8.34, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.24, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.30, 8.34, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. Accom., 6.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom. 6.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves. Week-days—Express, 9.00, 10.45 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, 7.00 a m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 8.15, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 p m. Accommodation, 7.55 a m, 4.37 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.07, 7.00, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.55 a m, 5.07 p m. $1.00 Excursion train (from foot Mississippi avenue only), 5.10 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.05 p m. Sundays, 8.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

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